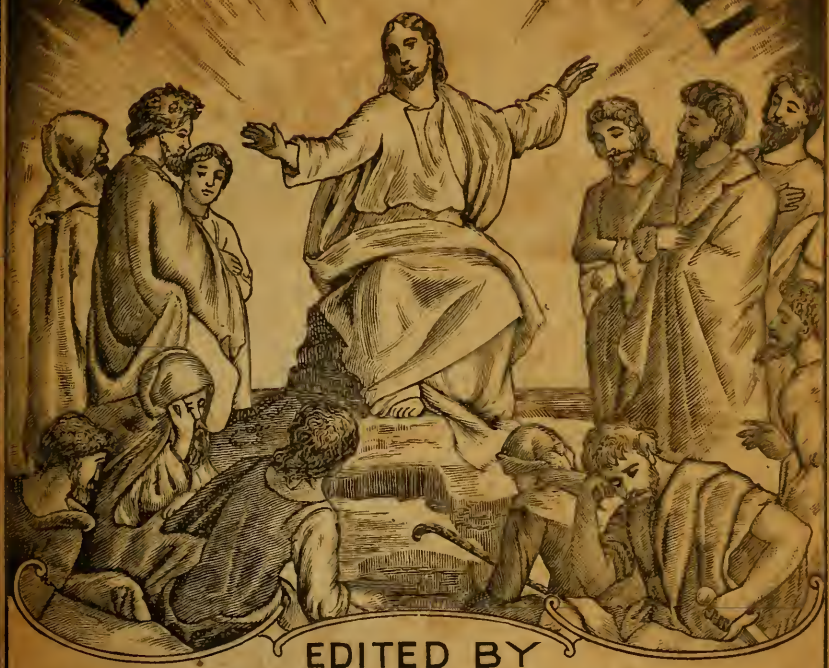
××× I am the way, and the truth, and the life ×××

JNO. 14:6.

××× Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice.

JNO. 18:37

WORDS OF TRUTH



EDITED BY

E.G. SEWELL AND R.M. McINTOSH

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GOSPEL ADVOCATE PUBLISHING CO.,

232 N. Market Street, NASHVILLE, TENN.

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WORDS OF TRUTH:

A COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

AND

OTHER OCCASIONS

OF

CHRISTIAN WORK AND WORSHIP.

EDITED BY

E. G. SEWELL AND R. M. McINTOSH.

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H. R. CHRISTIE.

NASHVILLE, TENN:
GOSPEL ADVOCATE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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PREFACE.

In presenting this volume to the public, we have endeavored to issue a book suited to the young. As the songs sung in childhood make the most lasting impression, it has been our aim to present nothing that would teach error.

We are sure that the utmost caution should be exercised in selecting songs for both old and young, especially the latter, as ideas gained in early life ar enduring.

With this aim before us we have sought to winnow the good out of the great mass from which we had to select, and give to the public only such songs as are scriptural in sentiment.

With all our pains to educate the youth in scriptural songs, we have not neglected those of maturer years. In this collection will be found many of the best standard hymns, the singing of which stirs every pure emotion of the heart in the old and the young alike.

Humbly praying God's richest blessings may attend it, and that the singing of these songs may help to ennoble and refine many, we leave it to those familiar with the word of God to judge how well we have succeeded.

PUBLISHERS.

WORDS OF TRUTH.

No. 1. GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

W. E. HIRKSON. From the German.

f *mp*

1. { Now to heav'n our pray'rs as - cend - ing, God speed the right; }
{ In a no - ble cause con - tend - ing, God speed the right; }

2. { Be that pray'r a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right; }
{ Ne'er de - spair - ing though de - feat - ed, God speed the right; }

DUET.

Be our zeal in heav'n re - cord - ed, With suc - cess on
Like the good and great in sto - ry, If we fail, we

ff *p dim.*

earth re - ward - ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.
fail with glo - ry, God speed the right, God speed the right.

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er th'event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right;
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding,
‖: God speed the right. :‖

4 Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right;
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right;
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it;
‖: God speed the right. :‖

No. 2. LITTLE PILGRIMS.

IDA L. REED. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We are lit - tle pilgrims, Lord! Trav'ling on-ward, day by day;
2. We are lit - tle pilgrims, Lord! In thy ser - vice small and weak;
3. We are lit - tle pilgrims, Lord! Chil-dren of thy ten - der love;

Guide us by thy ho - ly word, Lest from du - ty's path we stray.
But our gifts thou wilt not scorn, If in love thy face we seek.
Guard our steps with care we pray, Till we reach thy home a - bove.

CHORUS.

We are lit - tle pilgrims, Lord! O, be thou our dai - ly guide;

We will fol - low, we will trust; Keep us ev - er near thy side.

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No. 3. TRUST HIM.

FRANK M. DAVIS. THOMAS F. SIMMS.

1 Pil - grim, thro, this bar - ren land, Ban - ish care and sad - ness;
2 Tho' thy way be dark and drear, Tri - als deep surround - ing,
3 When all oth - er help - ers fail, When the tem - pest ra - ges,

God thy keep - er nev - er sleeps, Press thy way with glad - ness.
Trust the eye that nev - er sleeps, Naught can be con-found - ing,
Seek a shel - ter by the Rock, Bless - ed Rock of A - ges.

CHORUS.

Trust him as you jour-ney on, Trust him, trust him ev - er;

God thy keep - er nev - er sleeps, He will fail thee nev - er.

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No. 4. IT IS COMING.

H. S. H. SANDERS.

1. It is com-ing, it is com-ing! Speeds the glo-rious day a- long;
2. It is com-ing, it is com-ing! See the signs on ev - 'ry hand;
3. It is com-ing, it is com-ing! See the Day- star shines on high;
4. It is com-ing, it is com-ing! Cour-age then—the fight re- new;

It is com-ing, it is com-ing! Right shall tri-umph o - ver wrong.
It is com-ing, it is com-ing! Christ shall reign in ev - 'ry land.
It is com-ing, it is com-ing! See the day of triumph's nigh.
It is com ing, it is com-ing! Soon 't will burst up - on your view.

CHORUS.

Prom - ised day, glo - rious day, See the signs on ev - 'ry hand; Bless - ed day, hap - py day; Christ shall reign in ev - 'ry land.

Prom- ised day, glo - rious day, See the signs, on ev - 'ry hand; Bless- ed day, hap - py day,

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No. 5. BEAUTIFUL ZION.

F. M. D. THOMAS F. SIMMS.

1 We sing thy praises, O Zi - on to-day, Beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful Zi - on;
2 How oft thy charms thro' faith we explore, Beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful Zi - on;
3 Sweet is the rest to the wea-ry be-low, Beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful Zi - on;

It helps to brighten the troublesome way, Beauti-ful, beauti-ful Zi - on.
We long, yes long for thy far away shore, Beauti-ful, beauti-ful Zi - on.
In thee no sorrow or suff'ring they know, Beauti-ful, beauti-ful Zi - on.

Glo-ri-ous things are spoken of thee, Beau-ti - ful cit - y o - ver life's sea;
Soon we shall pass thy gates of pure gold, Soon will thy glories to us un-fold,
Earth can-not give the joys that are thine, In - fi-nite love and pleasures divine,

Sweet is your song, oh, Zi - on to me; Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on.
We shall the Saviour's face then behold, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on.
When can we say, these treasures are mine, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on.

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No. 6. WHAT SHALL OUR RECORD BE?

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

SOLO.

1. There's a hand that's writ- ing now In the book of life, they say;
2. Still that hand goes writ- ing on, Mak- ing pa - ges dark or fair;
3. Time is eb - bing fast a - way, Life for us will soon be done;

Ev - 'ry ac - tion word or deed Is re - cord - ed there each day.
Let us pon - der well, dear friends What for us is writ- ten there.
Can we, trust- ing - ly, go hence, That a crown of life is won?

What shall then our re - cord be! Let us stop and think, I pray!

WHAT SHALL OUR RECORD BE? Concluded.

What shall then our re - cord be In the coming judg-ment day.

CHORUS.

In the com-ing judgment day In the com-ing judgment day,

What shall then our rec - ord be, In the coming judgment day?

No. 7. "ARE THERE FEW THAT BE SAVED?"

W. P. RIVERS. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Say, "Are few to be sav'd of men? Five of thousands, or five of tens?"
2 Christ's dis-ci-ples had cheer di-vine; All par-took of the bread and wine;
3 Lo, the vir-gins were fa-vor'd all, All were waiting the mar-riage call;
4 All like Ma-ry who wisdom seek, All like John who was kind and meek,
5 All be-liev-ing the Master's word, All who love and o-bey their Lord,
6 Oh, how many from th' East and West, At the feast of the Lord shall rest!

God is Love, and he call-eth all; All may come and o-bey the call.
One "went out" in the dark some night—Ne'er came back to the Lord of light!
Five were ready, their lamps were bright; Five were left in the dis-mal night!
All who faith-ful to Christ shall be, These the glo-ry of heav'n shall see.
They who sit at the Saviour's feet, These for heav'n shall be counted meet.
"Tens of thousands" their number be! Say, O sin-ner, shall he save thee?

REFRAIN.

Oh, some shall be crown'd With cor-o-nals fair, But some shall be found In dark de-spair; Oh, some shall be crown'd With cor-o-nals fair, But some shall be found In dark de-spair!

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No. 8. HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

ARTHUR E. SMITH. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Prais-es to the new-born king;
2. While the an - them rends the sky, Ju-dea's hills re - peat the cry—
3. All ye na - tions hail the birth Of the Sav - iour of the earth;

Peace on earth, good - will to men, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.
Peace on earth, good - will to men, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.
Shout his prais - es loud pro-claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.

CHORUS.

Peace on earth, good-will to men, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem;

Rit - e - dem. ad lib.

Peace on earth, good- will to men; Peace, peace, peace on earth.

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No. 9. WILL YOU COME?

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Will you come, will you come? We are march-ing, marching home
2. All the way, hap - py way, He is lead - ing day by day;
3. Will you come, will you come? Still for mil-lions there is room;

To a world of de-light, Where there nev - er fal - leth night.
And by faith in His love, We shall reach our home a - bove.
He in - vites you to- day, Then no long - er stay a - way.

We are march - - - - ing, march-ing home, ...

We are marching home to glo - ry, We are marching, marching home,
We are march - - - ing, We are

We are marching home to glo - ry, march-ing home, ...

All for Je - sus is our song, As our way we press a - long,

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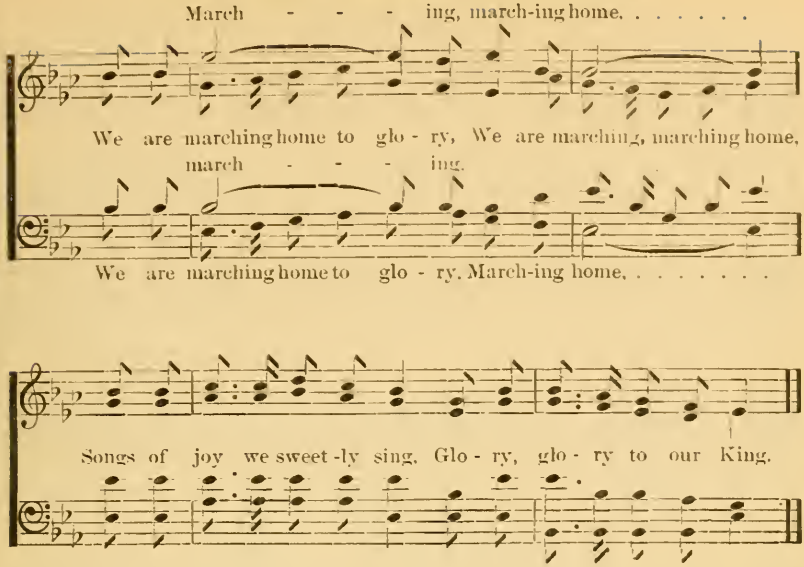
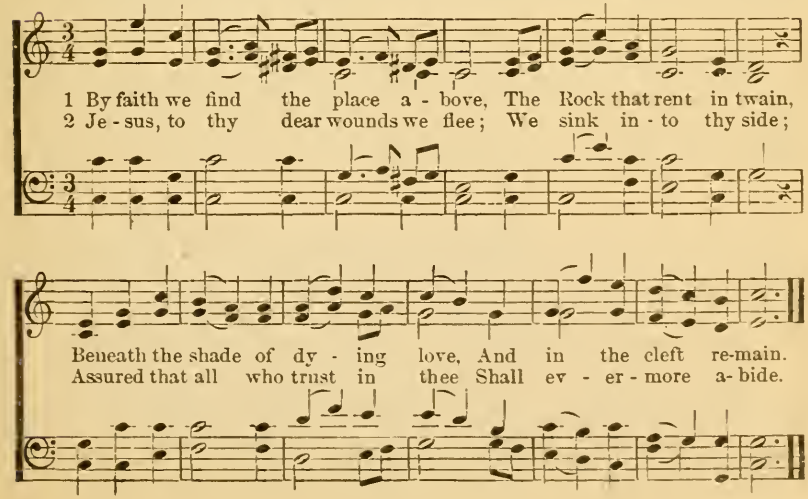
WILL YOU COME? Concluded.



No. 10. ROSS. C. M.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT, by per.



No. 11. UP TO THE WORK.

H. S. H. SANDERS.

1. Up, to the work that you can do, It is your Lord's command;
2. What tho' you may not have great means, Great tal-ents, or great pow'rs;
3. Go to the high-ways and the lanes, The al-leys, and the streets;
4. And when you stand be-fore the throne, On that great, "Awful day,"

The fields are white, the la-b'rers few, Go, work with heart and hand.
The bless-ing fol-lows him who gleans, In har-vest's passing hours.
And give—if this is all your gains—A cup of wa-ter, sweet.
How sweet to hear, in lov-ing tone, The voice of Je-sus say:

And tho' you can-not preach like Paul, Or sing with heav-enly voice,
Your Mas-ter's prom-ised grace is sure, His bless-ing is your own.
God's bless-ing sure, will fol-low you, If you o-bey his word;
"Well done, my child, stand on my right, You've faithful been, to me;

Go do some work, how-ev-er small, Go make some heart re-joice.
His mer-cies ev-er shall en-dure, You'll reap as you have sown.
He's lov-ing, faith-ful, just and true, You'll reap a rich re-ward.
Come, wel-come to my man-sions bright, You've won the vic-to-ry."

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UP TO THE WORK. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Then up to the work, then up to the work, It is your Lord's command;
command.

The fields they are white, the lab'rers few. Go work with heart and hand.
heart and hand.

No. 12. YARBROUGH.

Miss FRANCES E. HAVERGAL. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to thee;
2 Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for thee;
3 Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
4 Take my will and make it thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine;
5 Take my love; my Lord, I pour At thy feet its treas-ure-store;

CHO.—Lord, I give my life to thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be:

D. C.

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my heart, it is thine own, It shall be thy roy-al throne.
Take my-self, and I will be Ev-er, on-ly, all for thee.

Lord, I give my life to thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

No. 13. Would You go Home with the Angels?

Mrs. Estelle Oltrogge. Solo.

Mrs. Estelle Oltrogge.

1. Where are you go - ing, oh, sin - ner, So heed-less of what is to
2. Chris-tian, oh, say, is your treas - ure Laid up in the kingdom of

come? Are you treading the path-way to glo - ry, Or the
God? Do you live for the glo - ry of Je - sus? Are your

road that will lead you to doom? Pause ere 'tis too late, oh,
feet with his right-eous-ness shod? Do you e'er pray with the

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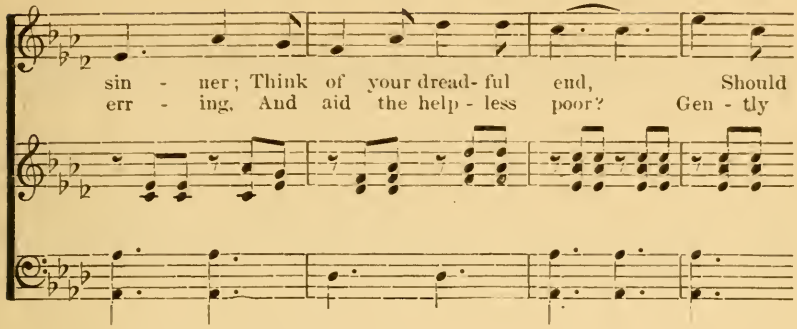
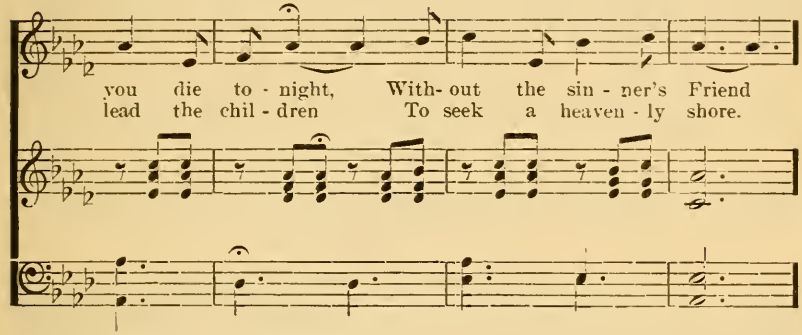
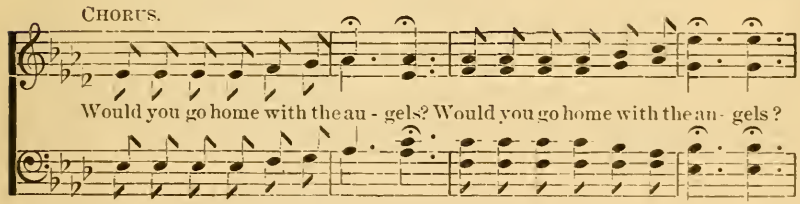
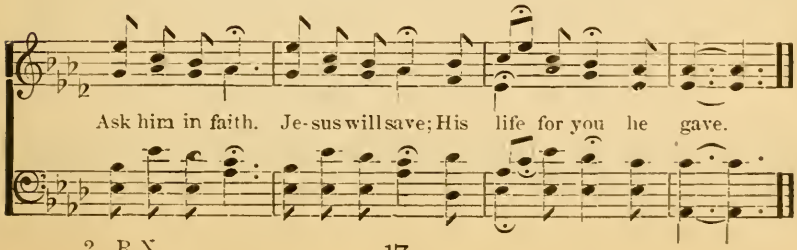
Would You go Home with the Angels? Concluded.









No. 14. Shall We Know Each Other There.

Mrs. Annie E. Thomson. Frank M. Davis.

1 When we've cross'd death's solemn river, When this troubled life is o'er,
2 Shall we meet our saint - ed mother, Who for ma - ny years hath slept,
3 Shall we see them robed in splendor, With no shad-ows on their brow.
4 He who soothes us in af - flictions, He whose love doth ne'er de - part,

And we go to dwell for - ev - er, Where the wea - ry weep no more;
Fa - ther, sis - ter dear, and brother, Whom we oft have mourn'd and wept?
Meet their lov - ing smiles so ten-der; Which our hearts are crav - ing now,
Breathes his heavenly ben - e - dictions, O'er each griev'd and wounded heart;

In those bright and heavenly pla-ces, Where the skies are al - ways fair,
Those un - to our hearts yet dear-er, Who our griefs were wont to share;
List to tones whose mu - sic on - ly Chased a - way each shade of care;
He who's left such bless-ed promise, Gives us bliss be - yond com-pare;

Shall we greet fa - mil - iar fa-ces? Shall we know each oth - er there?
In that fade - less light and clearer, Shall we know each oth - er there?
That have left the world so lone-ly, Shall we know each oth - er there?
He this joy will not take from us, We shall know each oth - er there.

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Shall We Know Each Other There. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Shall we know each oth - er there?
Last Verse. We shall know each oth - er there,

Shall we know each oth - er there?
We shall know each oth - er there,

Shall we greet fa - mil - iar fa - ces, Where the skies are al - ways fair?
We shall greet fa - mil - iar fa - ces, Where the skies are al - ways fair.

Shall we know each oth - er there?
We shall know each oth - er there,

Shall we know each oth - er there?
We shall know each oth - er there,

Shall we know each oth - er, each oth - er there?
We shall know each oth - er, each oth - er there,

each oth - er there?
each oth - er there?

No. 15. SONGS IN THE HEART.

H. S. H. SANDERS.

1. There's a song of joy in our hearts to - day, Re-joic - ing, we go on our pil- grim way; Hap - py peace of mind, is our con-stant guest, And our faith in God, gives us sweet- est rest. Tho' the storms may rage, and the tem - pests beat, Or the

2. There's a song of hope in our hearts to - day, And hop- ing, we go on our pil- grim way; Tho' we walk by day, or we walk by night, We will walk by faith, trust - ing not in sight. Tho' the temp - ter comes to us on the way, We will

3. There's a song of praise in our hearts to - day, And prais-ing, we go on our pil- grim way; As we jour - ney on, we will sound it out, And in praise to God, we will sing and shout. From his boun- teous hand all our bless - ings flow, And when

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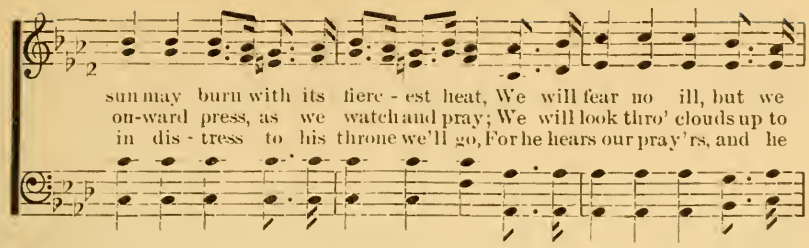
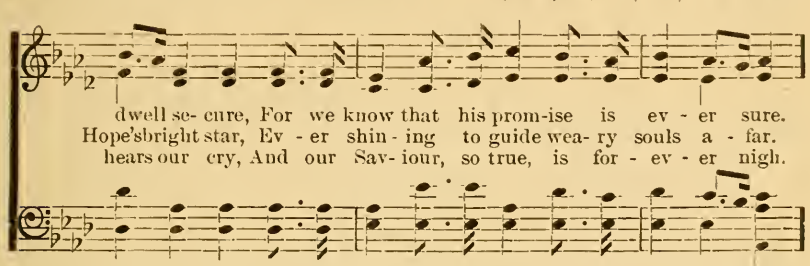
SONGS IN THE HEART. Concluded.





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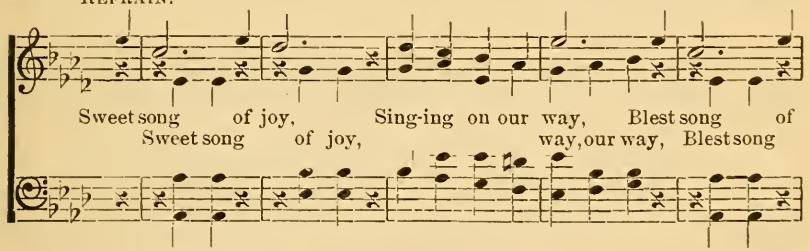

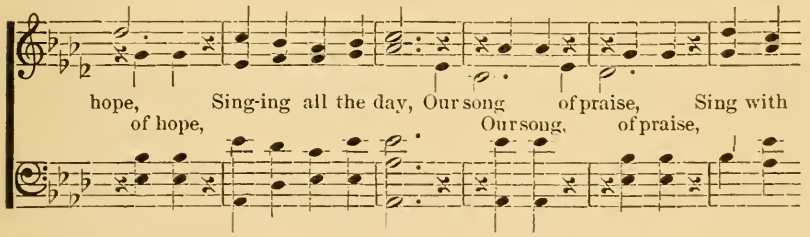

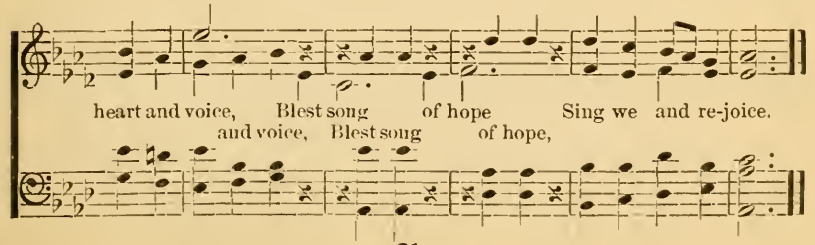

No. 16. HEAR THE MASTER CALLING.

E. A. HOFFMAN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Hear the Mas - ter call-ing, for toil - ers call-ing, Oh! so
2 He has long been call-ing, for work - ers call-ing, Oh! so
3 Je - sus still is call-ing, for ser-vants call-ing, In his

loud - ly call-ing to you and me! En-ter now in the vine-yard and no
gen - tly call-ing and ten - derly! And the hours have been speeding, quickly
love he's call-ing to you and me; Haste! the day is de-clin-ing, and ere

lon - ger i - dle be, But for Je - sus la - bor faith-ful - ly.
has - ten - ing a - way, And we've wasted all the pre-cious day.
long it will be gone, And the dark and dreaded night come on!

REFRAIN.

He is call-ing, He is call-ing, Call-ing now for you and me!

He is call-ing, He is call-ing! Call-ing now for you and me.

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No. 17. THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD.

IDA L. REED. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. They that wait up - on the Lord Dai-ly, shall their strength re - new.
2. They that wait up - on the Lord, They who love his laws the best;
3. They that wait up - on the Lord, To his king-dom he will bring,

And his ho - ly gra - cious word E'er shall be their com - fort true.
Striv-ing to o - bey his word, Shall in him be tru - ly blest.
Hearts and voi - ces in ac - cord There for aye his praise shall sing.

CHORUS.

They that wait . . . . up-on the Lord. They whose
Wait up-on the Lord. Wait up-on the Lord.

hearts . . . . for him beat true. Shall in him find
hearts for him beat true. hearts for him beat true. Shall in him find

peace and grace; Shall in him their strength re - new.
peace and grace, peace and grace. re - new.

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No. 18. PRAISE HIM.

H. S. H. SANDERS.

1. Praise him, praise him, ev - 'ry na - tion, Praise and mag - ni-
2. Praise him, praise him, on the mount-ain, Praise, O, praise the
3. Praise him, praise him, he is ho - ly, Ev - er - last - ing

fy his name; Sing his praise what - e'er your sta - tion,
Might - y God; Praise him, praise him, by the fount - ain,
is his throne; Praise him, O ye high, ye low - ly,

Give him hon - or, love and fame. Praise him, praise him
Ye were made by his own word Praise, O, praise his
He is God, and God a - lone. Praise him, praise him

ev - 'ry na - tion, Praise and mag - ni - fy his name.
might - y pow - er, Praise him ev - 'ry day and hour.
while you have breath, Praise his name, in life, in death.

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No. 19. KEEP ME DAY BY DAY.

JOHN O. FOSTOR. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Keep me, Sav-iour, day by day, In the straight and nar-row way,
2. Make me pure by grace di-vine, Let thy light a-round me shine;
3. Keep me e'er from do-ing wrong, Make me in the Spir-it strong,

Lead me ev-er, when, I walk, Guide my tongue when e'er I talk.
Fill me with thy ho-ly love, Lead me to thy throne a-bove.
Keep me by thy ho-ly word, Read-y to o-bey the Lord.

REFRAIN.

Keep me O Sav-iour, Keep me day by day.
Keep me blessed Saviour, Keep me blessed Saviour,

Lead me, Guide me In thy ho-ly way.
Lead me blessed Saviour, Guide me blessed Saviour,

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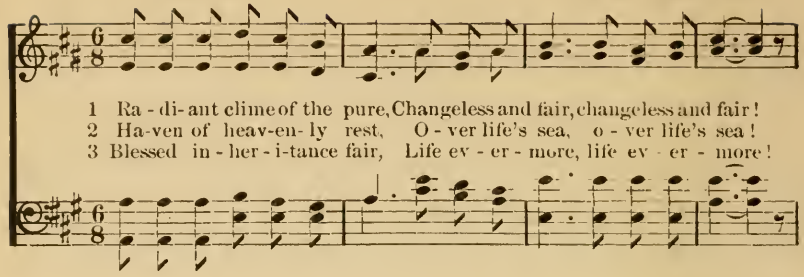
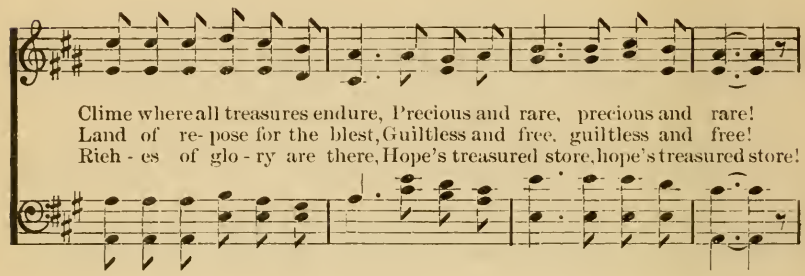
No. 20. OH, TO BE THERE.

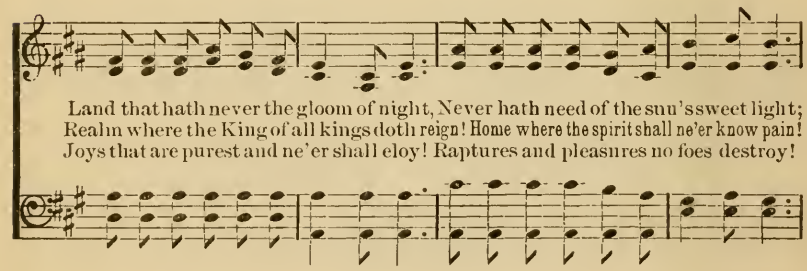
W. P. RIVERS. R. M. McINTOSH.



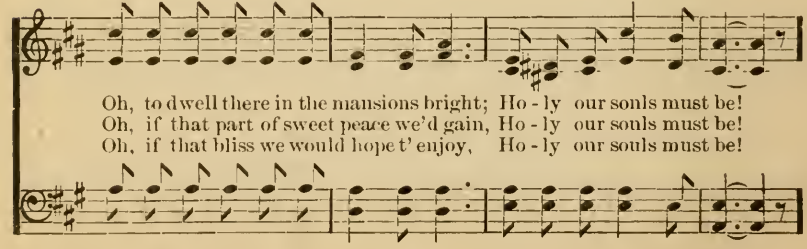
1 Ra - di - ant clime of the pure, Changeless and fair, changeless and fair!
2 Ha-ven of heav-en- ly rest, O - ver life's sea, o - ver life's sea!
3 Blessed in - her - i-tance fair, Life ev - er - more, life ev - er - more!



Clime where all treasures endure, Precious and rare, precious and rare!
Land of re- pose for the blest, Guiltless and free, guiltless and free!
Rich - es of glo - ry are there, Hope's treasured store, hope's treasured store!



Land that hath never the gloom of night, Never hath need of the sun's sweet light;
Realm where the King of all kings doth reign! Home where the spirit shall ne'er know pain!
Joys that are purest and ne'er shall eloy! Raptures and pleasures no foes destroy!



Oh, to dwell there in the mansions bright; Ho - ly our souls must be!
Oh, if that part of sweet peace we'd gain, Ho - ly our souls must be!
Oh, if that bliss we would hope t' enjoy, Ho - ly our souls must be!

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OH, TO BE THERE. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Ho- ly our souls must be! Ho - ly our souls must be!

Oh, to dwell there in the mansions bright, Ho- ly our souls must be.

No. 21. PAUL. S. M.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.

1 Je - sus, the Con - qu'ror, reigns, In glo-rious strength ar- rayed,
2 Ye sons of men, re - joice In Je - sus' might - y love:
3 Ex - tol his king - ly pow'r; Kiss the ex - alt - ed Son,
4 Our Ad - vo - cate with God, He un- der - takes our cause,

His kingdom o - ver all maintains, And bids the earth be glad!
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, To him who rules a - bove.
Who died, and lives to die no more, High on his Fa - ther's throne:
And spreads thro' all the earth a- broad The vic-t'ry of his cross.

No. 22. WE CALL THEE.

H. S. H. SANDERS.

1. We call thee our *Mas - ter*, we hear thy commands; We call thee our
2. We call thee our *Truth*, for thou mak-est us free; We call thee our
3. We call thee *Eternal*, and we seek for thy truth; We call thee *Most*

Light, and for us thou dost shine; We call thee our *Way*, we are
Guide, and we fol - low thy lead; We call thee *Most Love - ly*, we
Ho - ly and bow at thy feet; We call thee *Our Father*, and we

led by thy hand; We call thee our *Life*, we know we are thine.
yield all to thee; We call thee our *Riches*, and on thee we feed.
seek thee in youth; We call thee *Our Saviour*, and in thy name meet.

REFRAIN.

O Je - - - sus our Sav - - - iour, we
Je - sus our Lord Je - sus our King,

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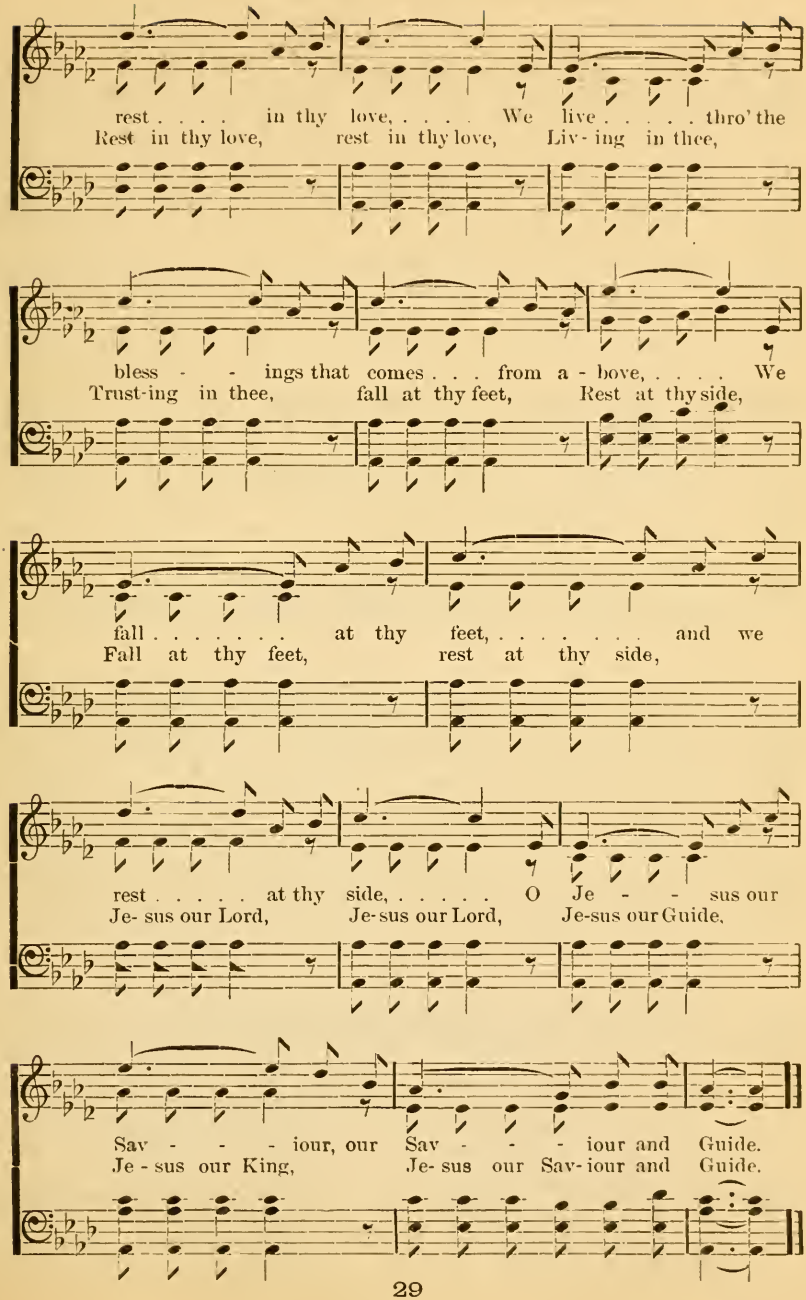
WE CALL THEE. Concluded.



No. 23. MANY MANSIONS.

F. E. Belden. Frank M. Davis.

1. Ma - ny, ma - ny are the mansions Which our Sav - iour will pre-pare,
2. Yes, the dwell - ers all are ho - ly, In that cit - y of the pure,
3. When we leave this vale of sor - row, In that roy - al day of days;

Ma - ny, ma - ny are the chil-dren Who shall find a wel - come there;
And to such a - lone is giv - en This e - ter - nal prom - ise sure;
When we cease our toil and weeping, For e - ter - nal songs of praise;

But the dwell-ers all are ho - ly, Who the bless - ed prom - ise share.
O, the bless - ed hope of heav - en, From all earth - ly ills se - cure!
Then with-in those ma - ny mansions, That a - wait the pil-grims blest,

And their forms are like the an - gels That im-mor - tal ra diance wear.
How we long to see its glo - ry That un-fad - ing shall en - dure.
Shall we dwell at home for - ev - er, In that E - den land of rest?

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MANY MANSIONS. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Ma - ny man-sions, gold-en man - sions, Wait-ing, wait - ing for the blest.

In that cit - y rohed with beauty, In that E - den land of rest.

No. 24. GILL. 8s, 7s, & 4s. (8th P. M.)

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1 { O thou God of my sal - va- tion, My Re- deem-er from all sin,
{ Moved by thy di - vine com- pas-sion, Who hast died my heart to win,

I will praise thee: I will praise thee: Where shall I thy praise he- gin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour:
He hath brought salvation near—
Manifests his pardoning favor,
And, when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
Glory to the great I AM!
I with them will still be vying,
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived they mix the throng,
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!

No. 25. COME TO ME.

H. S. H. SANDERS.

Slowly, and with great expression.

1. Hear my voice en - treat - ing, Come to me;
2. Turn not deaf ears to me, Come to me;
3. I will give you par - don, Come to me;
4. Bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion! Come to me;

Still, yet still re - peat - ing, Come to me;
Look to Calv - 'ry— View me, Come to me;
Let your hearts not har - den, Come to me:
Come, re - ceive sal - va - tion, Come to me:

Lis - ten while I'm call - ing, Come to me;
Hear me plead - ing— cry - ing, Come to me;
All your sins for - giv - en, Come to me;
Hear me! sin - sick, hear me, Come to me;

Grace up - on you fall - ing, Come to me.
In your sins you're dy - ing, Come to me.
Reign with me in heav - en. Come to me.
Come, and I will save you, Come to me.

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No. 26. PRESS ONWARD.

Mrs. Estelle Oltrogge. Mrs. Estelle Oltrogge.

1 Press on-ward, oh, Christian, and leave not the race, You must val-iant-ly
2 The tempt-er may smile as an an-gel of light, While he tempts you a-
3 Your sor-rows and tri-als may now weigh you down; But you must bear the

fight ere you see God's face; He's promised to give you his grace, day by day;
-way from the paths of right; Our Sav-iour was tempt-ed, but bade Sa-tan flee,
Cross if you'd wear the Crown; The wear-y and lad-en who come to the Lord,

Refrain.

So ask him for help, and go on your way.
And brought free sal-va-tion for you and me.
Find rest, this we know from his Ho-ly Word.
} Sing then, sing then,

sing as on you go, Joy-ful, joy-ful journey here be-low; The way may be

toilsome while here you a-bide,—But, oh, there is rest on the oth-er side.

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No. 27. MY HERITAGE IN HEAVEN.

IDA L. REED. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. A her - i - tage of splendor free, A- waits my soul in heav - en,
2. My treasures wait me ov -er there, A crown that fadeth nev - er;
3. There I shall walk for aye in light, My fol- lies all for - giv - en;

That Christ has willed in love to me; 'Twas thro' his mer-cy giv - en.
And just with-in his king-dom fair, A home that bides for - ev - er.
When I re - ceive my robe of white, My crown, my home, in heav- en.

CHORUS.

A home, a crown, Is what my Lord has giv - en,
A home, a crown, a robe of white,

A her - i - tage of glo-ry bright, That waits my soul in heav- en.

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No. 28. CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

1 Chil-dren of Je - ru - sa - lem, Sang the praise of Je-sus' name:
2 We have oft - en heard and read What the roy - al psalm-ist said:
3 We are taught to love the Lord, We are taught to read his word,
4 Par-ents, teach-ers, old and young, All u - nite to swell the song:

Chil-dren, too, of lat - er days, Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
Babes and sucklings' art-less lays Shall pro - claim the Saviour's praise.
We are taught the way to heav'n, Praise to God for all be given.
High - er and yet high - er rise, Till ho - san - nas reach the skies.

REFRAIN.

Hark! Hark! Hark! while in - fant voi - ces sing, Hark! Hark!

Hark! while in - fant voi - ces sing Loud ho - san - nas,

Loud ho - san - nas, Loud ho - san - nas to our King.

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No. 29. BE CONTENT WITH YOUR LOT.

(A HOME SONG.)

H. S. H. SANDERS.

1. Be con-tent with your lot, tho' hum-ble it may be, Tho'
2. And re-mem-ber that God is your mak-er and friend, 'Tis
3. Be con-tent with your lot, tho' hard it seems to you, Don't

for-tune her smiles shall with-hold, Be con-tent with your lot, and
he that di-rects all your ways, If you ask it in faith, his
wor-ry or fret or be sad, Be con-tent with your lot— to

one day you shall see, Con-tent-ment is bet-ter than
grace he'll sure-ly send, Your heart will be filled full of
du-ty be thou true, And your soul will al-ways be

gold. For the soul that's con-tent has a con-stant feast,
praise. Do not en-vy your neigh-bor, tho' rich he be,
glad. Be con-tent with your lot, for "Thus saith the Lord,"

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BE CONTENT WITH YOUR LOT. Concluded.

It catch - es the sun-shine of life, The lin - ing of sil - ver it
And hous- es and lands may pos-sess, Tho' his griefs and tri - als the
His coun-sels we all must o - bey, Re-mem-ber the prom-ise we

sees in each cloud, 'Tis free from all en - vi - ous strife.
world may not see, Your woes may be ma - ny the less.
find in his word, Your strength shall be e - qual your day."

REFRAIN.

Be content, with your lot, Tho' hum-ble it may be,
Be content, with your lot.

Be con-tent, with your lot, Of life 'tis the gold-en key.
Be content, with your lot.

No. 30. OVER THE SILENT SEA.

IDA L. REED. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. O - ver the si - lent sea, Down by the shin - ing shore, Waiteth to
2. O - ver the si - lent sea, Out of the reach of care; O, 'twould be
3. O - ver the si - lent sea, There where the surges bright Break in their

wel - come me, Loved ones who've gone be - fore In - to that
joy to be Safe with my lost ones there. Free from all
mel - o - dy, Un - der the heaven - ly light; Up o'er the

fair, bright land, Bounding the unknown tide; There with the seraph band,
pain for aye; Earth's weary toil all past, Joy-ful my soul would be;
gold - en strand Dwelleth my an - gels sweet, And in that hap - py land,

Ev - er - more to a - bide, Ev - er - more to a - bide.
Rest should be mine at last, Rest should be mine at last.
Soon we a - gain shall meet, Soon we a - gain shall meet.

CHORUS.

O - - ver the sea, ... Down . . . by the
O - ver the sea, the si - lent sea, Down by the shore, the

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OVER THE SILENT SEA. Concluded.

shore, ... Wait - eth to wel - come me . . . .
shin - ing shore, wel - come me

Loved ones who've gone be - fore. . . . . .
gone be - fore.

No. 31. DUNCAN. S. M.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand: To
2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive, The late or ear - ly sown; Grace
3 And du - ly shall ap - pear, In ver-dure, beau - ty, strength, The
4 Then, when the fin - al end, The day of God is come, The

doubt and fear give thou no heed—Broad-cast it o'er the land.
keeps the pre-cious germ a - live, When and wher-ev - er strown.
ten- der blade, the stalk, the ear, And the full corn at length.
an - gel reap - ers shall de-scend, And heaven sing, "Harvest home!"

No. 32. PARTING HYMN.

H. S. H. SANDERS.

With expression, not too fast.

1. May God's blessing e'er attend you, And his face up- on you shine,
2. May his counsel ev - er guide you, Keep you in the "way of life;"
3. Now is come the hour of part- ing, God grant we may meet a-gain,

May his might-y arm de-fend you, Tho' the pow'rs of sin combine,
May he ev- er walk be- side you, And sup- port you in the strife.
As now on our way we're starting, May his grace with us re-main,

May his love your pathway brighten, And his mer- cy nev- er fail;
May the love of Christ constrain you, And its influence with you go,
Part- ing now, but not for - ev - er, Keep we still the goal in view,

May his grace your burden's lighten, And give strength when foes assail.
May your faith in him sus- tain you, And your heart with love o'er flow.
We shall meet and reign for-ev - er, For we have Christ's promise true.

REFRAIN.

Part-ing now but not for- ev - er, Let us keep the goal in sight;
Part- ing now but

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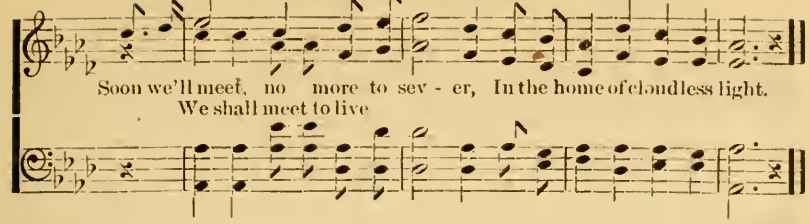
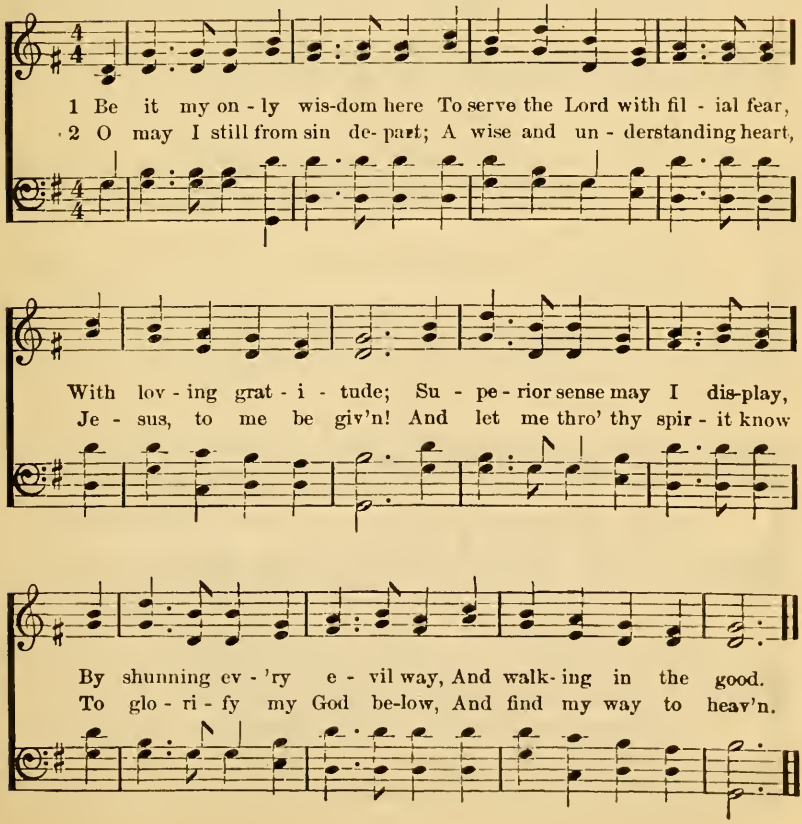
PARTING HYMN. Concluded.



No. 33. GREGORY.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.



No. 34. WE'LL GATHER THEM IN.

E. A. HOFFMAN. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 We'll gath - er the chil- dren of want and sin Out of dark- ness and
2 We'll gath - er them in to the roy - al feast, Where the bounties of
3 We'll gath - er the halt, and the sick and blind, From the wear - i - some
4 We'll gath - er the sad and the wear - y ones To the feet of the

out of gloom; We'll bring them in joy to the Master's home; In his house there is
grace are spread, Where perishing souls with the bread of life In the ten-der- est
paths of sin, To Jesus, their Saviour and loving Friend, We will gather these
bless-ed Lord; He'll pardon their sin and renew their hearts; 'Tis the hope of his

REFRAIN.

am - ple room.
love are fed.
lost ones in.
pre- cious Word.
} We will gath-er them in to the feast of the King,

From the highways and by-ways of sin, From the hedg-es and the lanes,

From the mountains and the plains, We will gather wear-y trav'lers in.

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No. 35. THE FEAST IS WAITING.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. The feast of love is wait - ing, Poor wan-d'rer, 'tis for you;
2. The feast of love is wait - ing, Pre - pared with greatest care;
3. The feast of love is wait - ing, It is prepared for all;

The Mas - ter bids you wel - come, Why oth - er course pur - sue?
O haste ap-pease your hun - ger,-Find life and bless-ing there.
The Mas - ter bids us en - ter, Should we re-fuse the call?

CHORUS.

The feast of love is wait - ing, With choic- est viands rare;

Why should we die with hun - ger, Or fear to en - ter there?

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No. 36. HALLELUJAH.

Words arr. by H. S. H. SANDERS.

Allegro.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! cease all mourning, Let thy tears no long - er flow; Think not now of sin-ners scorn- ing, When thy an- guish laid thee low. Count-less voic - es call for glad - - - ness, Gone is ev - 'ry cause of sad - - - ness.
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! shout ex - ult - ing, Christ has ris - en from the grave, He who died 'mid man's in- sult - ing, Has made death it- self his slave. Now his tri - umph is un - end - - - ing, Hail him now in pow'r as - cend - - - ing.
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! turn a - dor - ing, Lo! thy Lord himself is here, See those eyes whence love is pour- ing; See the mark of nail and spear. Wond'rous to - kens! all as - sur - - - - ing, Of the depth of his en - dur - - - ing.
4. Hal - le - lu - jah! life e - ter - nal, Dawns with thy re- turn - ing sun, Bathe thy soul in joy su- per - nal: Death and darkness are out - done. Now there is no room for sor - - - - row! Hail with rap - ture this glad mor - - - row.

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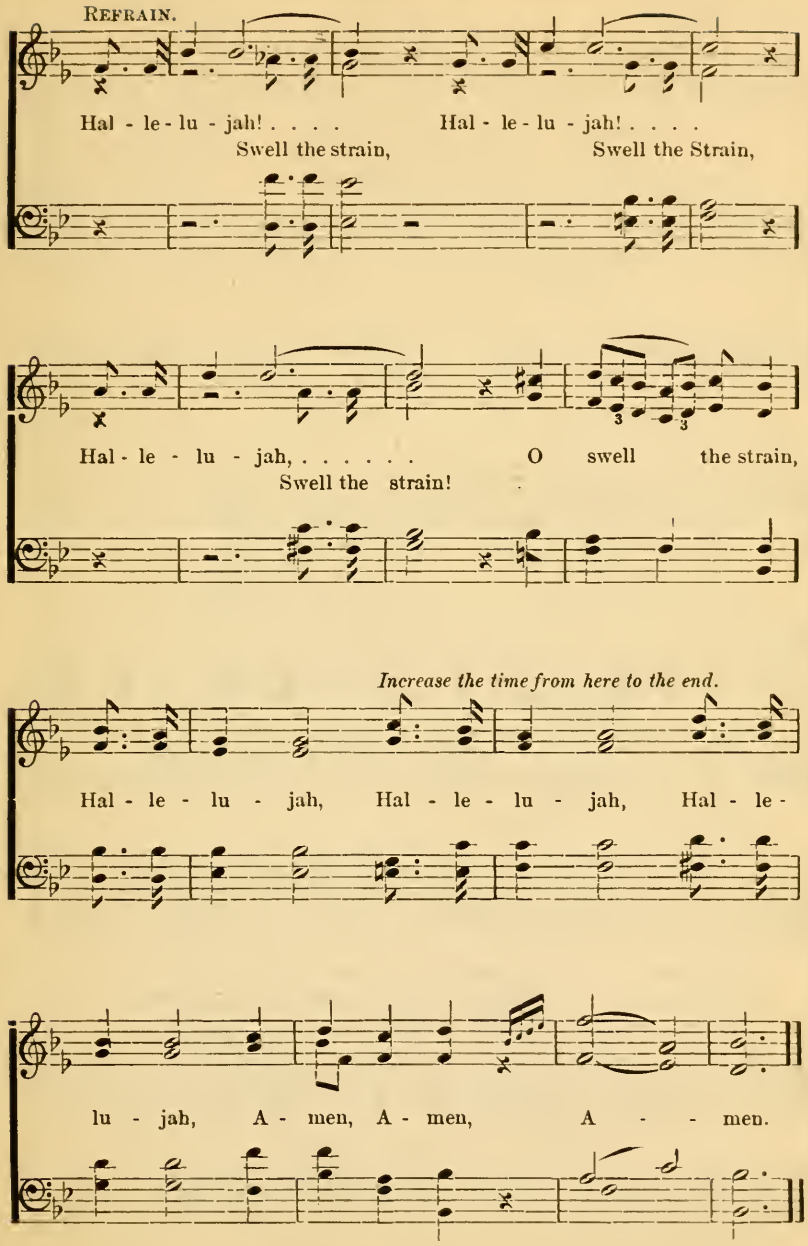
HALLELUJAH. Concluded.



No. 37. I WALK NOT ALONE.

IDA L. REED. FRANK M. DAVIS.

Solo.

1. I walk not a-lone, O my Sav-iour; Thy step in the dark-ness I hear; . . . I know thou art walk-ing be-side me, . . . And noth-ing my soul need to fear. . . .

2. I can-not be friendless or lone-ly, Dear Lord, when thou walk-est with me; . . . As down life's long path-way I jour-ney, . . . 'Tis glad-ness to trav-el with thee. . .

3. I walk not a-lone, O my Sav-iour; The sound of thy foot-fall doth guide . . . My soul through life's drear-i-est plac-es; . . . Thou walk-est so near to my side. . . .

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I WALK NOT ALONE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I walk not a - lone, ... O my Sav - iour! . . What-
I walk not a - lone a - lone, O my Sav-iour!

ev - er my spir - - - - it be - tide; I
What - ev - er my spir - it spir- it be - tide;

can - not be lost . . . . . or for - sak - en, ... Since
I can- not be lost, be lost or for- sak - en,

thou dost walk close . . . . . by my side. . . . . .
Since thou dost walk close, walk close to my side.

No. 38. The Master Calleth for Thee.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1 Her sad vi - gil keep - ing, Ma - ry sat weep - ing, Mourning for
2 Then swift at His call - ing, at His feet fall - ing Ma - ry so
3 When loss is be - fore us, grief gath - ers o'er us, Shad-ows of

Laz - a - rus dead, Her glad tid-ings learn-ing, Mar-tha re-turn- ing,
sor - row- ful goes; And trustful be- liev- ing, meek-ly re-ceiv - ing
sor - row sur - round; What-e'er may be- fall us, if he will call us

Chorus.

Un - to the weep-ing one said,
Hope that the Mas- ter be - stows.
Glad - ly we'll fol- low the sound.
Je - sus is com - ing,

Him have I met, Glad are his tid - ings to me;

Joy-ful a - rise, the Mas-ter is com-ing, Je-sus is calling for thee.

No. 39. GOD IS CALLING YOU.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 God is call-ing you, in tones of love; God is call-ing you!
2 God is call-ing you. O sin-ner, hear; God is call-ing you!
3 God is call-ing you. O come to-day. God is call-ing you!

He in-vites you to his home a-bove, God is call-ing you!
List-en to him, while he is so near, God is call-ing you!
Time is pass-ing, pass-ing fast a-way, God is call-ing you!

CHORUS.

Call-ing you, ... call-ing you, ... Sinner, God is calling you!
God is calling you, God is calling you!

Calling you, ... call-ing you, ... God is call-ing you!
God is calling you, God is calling you!

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No. 40. ONWARD WE'RE MARCHING.

IDA L. REED. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. On-ward, still onward, we're marching Toward the fair land that we love;
2. On-ward, still onward, we're marching, Leav-ing our marks by the way;
3. On-ward, still onward, we're marching 'Neath our king's banner so bright;

On in the strait nar-row path-way, Up to the king-dom a-bove.
Grant that they ev - er be bright ones, Je - sus our Sav - iour we pray.
Soon we his king-dom shall en - ter, Clad in pure gar-ments of white.

CHORUS.

On - - ward, we're march - ing, On - - ward, we're
Onward, we're marching, onward, we're marching, Onward, we're marching,

march - - ing, Keep - ing the strait and nar - row
on-ward we're marching,

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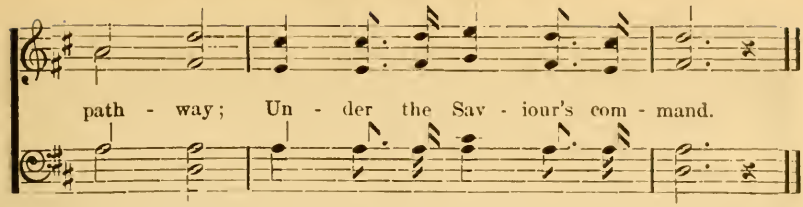
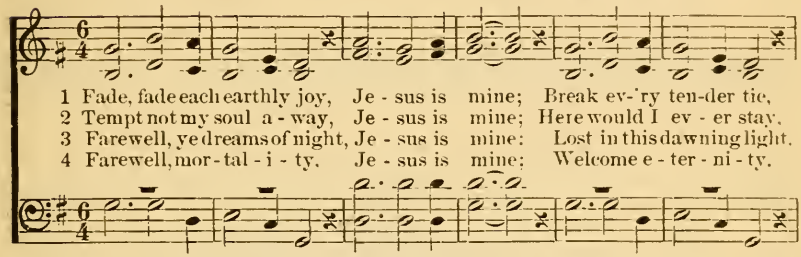
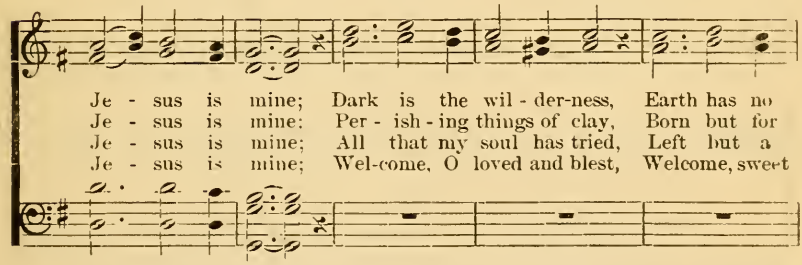
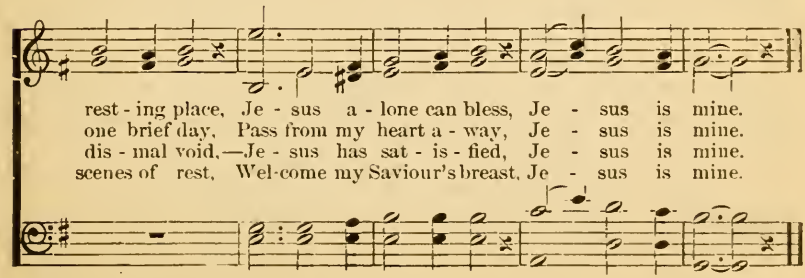


No. 41. JESUS IS MINE.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.







No. 42. WE ARE COMING.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We are com - ing, we are com- ing, Hear the mer - ry glad re-frain.
2. We are com - ing, we are com- ing, To the bless- ed mer - cy seat,
3. We are com - ing, we are com- ing, Lord ac- cept the vows we bring;

As it ech - oes o'er the val - ley, As it ech - oes o'er the plain.
When the song of our sal- va - tion We may joy - ful - ly re- peat;
Lord ac- cept the love we of - fer, And ac- cept the praise we sing;

Lo a band of hap - py chil-dren Marching 'neath the cross a-round,
When the Lord of life will meet us, And his bless - ing will be- stow,
We would fol - low where thou leadest, We would e'er with thee a - bide;

And we jour- ney to Mount Zi - on, With a ring - ing mel - o - dy.
As we jour- ney thro' the val - ley, In our pil- grim-age be- low.
We would walk with thee in pa-tience, As we jour - ney by thy side.

CHORUS.

Marching home, marching home, Bless - ed
We're march - ing home, we're march - ing home,

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WE ARE COMING. Concluded.

Sav- iour lo we come, marching home. marching home, march-ing
marching home, we're marching home, we're

home, Bless - ed Sav- iour, lo we come, marching home.
march - ing home.

No. 43. GEORGIA. S. M.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1 Be - hold th'a - maz - ing sight. The Sav-iour lift - ed high:
2 For whom, for whom, my heart, Were all these sor - rows borne?
3 For love of us he bled, And all in tor - ture died:
4 I see, and I a - dore In sym - pa - thy of love:

Be - hold the Son of God's de-light Ex - pire in ag - o - ny.
Why did he feel that piercing smart, And meet that va - rious scorn?
'Twas love that bowed his faint-ing head, And oped his gush - ing side.
I feel the strong, at-trac-tive power, To lift my soul a - bove.

No. 44. BEHOLD THE LAMB.

C. W. RAY. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Be-hold the Lamb of Cal-va-ry,—The bloody cross on which he dies;
2. Be-hold the Lamb for sin-ners slain; Betrayed, reviled and cru-ci-fied;
3. Be-hold the Lamb! the rough thorn-crown, Upon the dear Redeemer's brow;
4. Be-hold the Lamb! behold his blood, Who takes our sin and guilt a-way;

He suf-fers there for you and me, O wondrous, wondrous sac-ri-fice!
The pierced hands, the go-ry stain; The nails! the spear and wounded side.
While crimson streams are flowing down, Beneath his bleed-ing feet I bow.
Be-neath its precious cleansing flood, My wea-ry trembling soul I lay.

REFRAIN.

O bless-ed sin-a-ton-ing Lamb, Thy dreadful a-go-nies I see!

Thou art my trust and thine I am, For thou hast bled and died for me.

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No. 45. HE CALLETH ME HOME.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. JOHN M. RICHARDSON.

1. Though far from the fold of the Sav-iour, In sin and fol-ly I roam; Yet ev-er I hear a sweet whisper That ten-der-ly call-eth me home.
2. In tears I have oft-en la-ment-ed The sins that led me a-stray; The call of the Lord was so ten-der, I scarce from his pres-ence could stay.
3. Was ev-er a voice so en-dear-ing? Was e'er af-fec-tion so true? How can I then long-er re-sist him? Oh! what in my woe shall I do?
4. To-night with my soul he is plead-ing And kind-ly bids me to come; A-gain his sweet voice in-ter-ced-ing En-treats me, "O wand'rer, come home!"
(To-day)

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, come home, ... For-ev-er he call-eth me home.
Come home, come home, come home.

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No. 46. IN OUR FATHER'S HOUSE.

C. W. RAY. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. In our Fa-ther's house, There are mansions bright and fair, And we'll
2. In our Fa-ther's house, All the faith- ful shall be crown'd, While the
3. In our Fa-ther's house There's a her - i - tage for all. Where the

soon be at home o - ver there; With our Sav - iour King, Who his
an-thems of wel-come re-sound; We shall then be - hold How the
shad-ows of night nev - er fall; Where, thro' end - less years, Neith- er

sanc - ti- fied will bring, The de-lights of his king-dom to share.
wand-'rer from the fold, By the Sav - iour was sought and was found.
cares, nor griefs, nor fears, Shall the ran- somed of Je - sus en- thrall.

REFRAIN.

We shall rest, ... with the blest, In our
We shall rest, with the blest,

heav-'nly Fa-ther's house a- bove; We shall rest, ... for- ev - er -
We shall rest.

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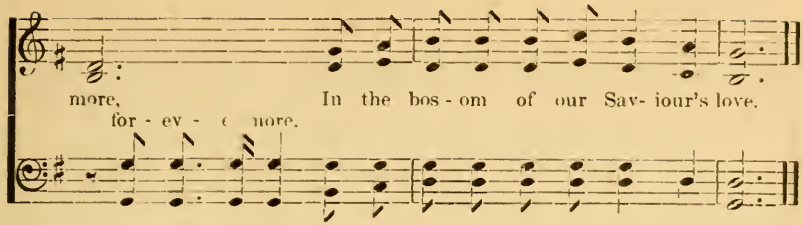
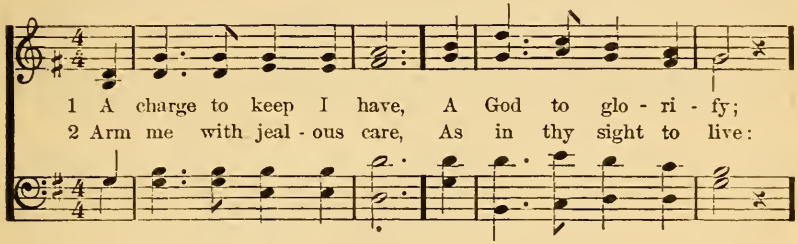
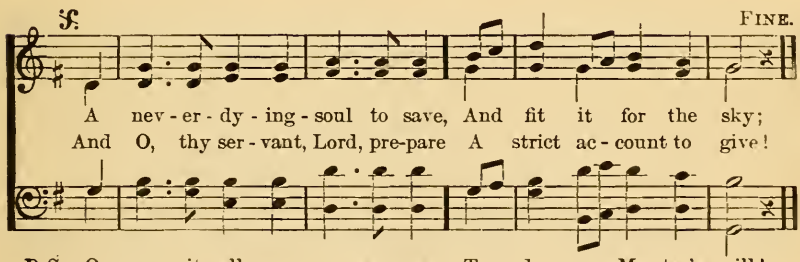
IN OUR FATHER'S HOUSE. Concluded.



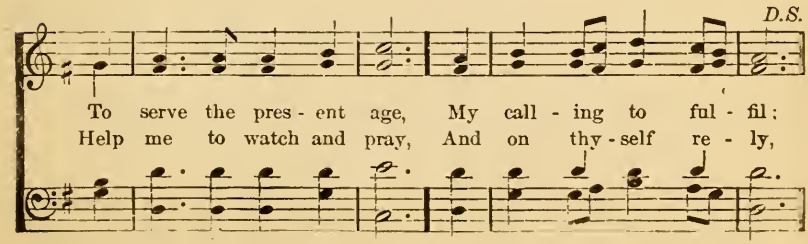
No. 47. RICHMOND. S. M. Double.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT, by per.





D.S.—O may it all my powers en - gage To do my Mas-ter's will!
As - sured if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.



No. 48. JESUS A TRUE FRIEND.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. How kind a friend is Je - sus! He loves me ten - der - ly,
2. He is the friend of sin - ners, And shed his pre - cious blood
3. A help - er to the help - less, A com - fort - er is he;

And walks with me each mo - ment, My guard and guide to be!
That they might be for - giv - en, And rec - on - ciled to God;
He, in the time of tron - ble, A tower of strength will be;

How ma - ny are the bless-ings Be-stowed up - on his child,
All who in faith obey him Re - ceive a par - don free,
And when the world as - sails thee, Trust thou his might - y arm

To shield me from all e - vil, And keep me un - de - filed!
And if thy soul can trust him, Thy Sav - iour he will be.
To suc - cor and de - fend thee, And keep thy soul from harm.

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JESUS A TRUE FRIEND. Concluded.

CHORUS.

A kind friend, and a good friend, And a true friend is he;

You will nev - er find a bet-ter friend Than Je-sus will be to thee.

No. 49. VIRGINIA. C. M.

N. E. EVERETT, by per.

1 When mus-ing sor - row weeps the past, And mourns the pres-ent pain,
2 'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise, And dread a fa - ther's will;
3 It is that heav'n-born faith sur-veys The path that leads to light,
4 It is that hope with ar - dor glows, To see him face to face,
5 O let me wing my hallow'd flight From earth-born woe and care,

'Tis sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.
'Tis not that meek sub - mis-sion flies, And would not suf - fer still:
And longs her ea - gle plumes to raise, And lose her-self in sight:
Whose dy - ing love no language knows Suf - fi - cient art to trace.
And soar a - bove these clouds of night, My Sav-iour's bliss to share!

No. 50. YE HERALDS OF THE CROSS.

F. M. D — FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Ye heralds of the cross go forth And to the world pro-claim,
2. In ev- 'ry land, in ev - 'ry clime, A-cross the roll - ing tide,
3. Go forth it is the Lord's command, Speak with a might-y voice,

The mer - its of a - ton- ing love, The pow'r of Je - sus' name.
Go spread the news in joy - ful strains, That Christ for sin-ners died.
Say Je - sus comes the lost to save, Bid na - tions now re - joice.

CHORUS.

Go forth, ye her-alds of the cross, And to the world proclaim!

The mer- its of a - ton - ing love, The pow'r of Je - sus' name.

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No. 51. FATHER OF LOVE.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Fa - ther of love, in heav'n a- bove, Re - gard our fer - vent plea;
2. Draw ver - y near, O, Sav- iour dear! And fill this hal- low'd place;
3. O, Father blest! afford us rest, And sanc - ti - fy each heart;

Our fears re-lieve, our sins forgive, And seal our hearts to thee.
And on us pour, in bounteous store, The blessings of thy grace.
Forgive us now, as here we bow, And per- fect peace im - part.

REFRAIN.

O, take a- way our guilt and shame, In Je- sus' all - pre-vail- ing name!

Oh, take a- way our guilt and shame, And seal us thine e - ter- nal- ly.

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No. 52. WE PRAISE HIM.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. In our school a - gain as - sembled, In the bless - ed
2. Should we not ex - alt the Sav- iour, In the strains of
3. He has shield - ed and pro-tect - ed Us, the chil - dren

time of youth, Bring we praise to our Re - deem - er,
loft - y praise, And in con - cert here to - geth - er,
of his love, And be - stow'd the best of bless- ings,

Praise for the coun - sels in his word of truth.
Glad al - le - lu - ias to his hon - or raise?
Gra - cious - ly on us from the throne a - bove.

CHORUS.

For this we praise him, for his love and good - ness;

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WE PRAISE HIM. Concluded.

For this we praise him, that his life he gave; For this we praise him, That he

brought re - demp-tion; That he is read- y, now to cleanse and save.

Hal- le - lu- jah! we will praise him, We will worship and a- dore him.
Join the chorus of redeemed ones, As they cast their crowns before him.

Hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord! } Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord! }

praise the Lord! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord!

No. 53. THE LAMB OF CALVARY.

J. H. MARTIN, R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1 There was love, deep love, in the cross dis-played, When the
2 There is love, strong love, in the King on high To the
3 There is love, warm love, in the Sav - iour's heart For the
4 Un - to Je - sus come with your load of grief, And re-

Lamb of Cal - va - ry died, For the lost in sin was sac-
souls condemned for their guilt, He will save the lost that to
troub - led, wretched, and weak; In his bound-less grace he will
- pose by faith on his breast, There your bur - dened spir - it shall

ri - fice made, When the Lamb of Cal - va - ry died.
him draw nigh Thro' the pre - cious blood that he spilt.
peace im - part To the mourn - er, low - ly and meek.
find re - lief— On the Lamb of Cal - va - ry rest.

REFRAIN.

'Twas a bless- ed, bless- ed day for our wretch - ed race

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THE LAMB OF CALVARY. Concluded.

When the Lamb of Cal - va - ry died; Je - sus

saves the hum- ble now in his bound - less grace. For in

love to sin - ners he died; In love to sin- ners he died,

In love to sin - ners he died, Je - sus saves the hum- ble

now in his bound-less grace, For in love to sin - ners he died.

No. 54. There's A Call for Willing Workers.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. There's a call for the will- ing work - ers, The tide of de
2. There's a call for the will- ing work - ers, The fields of the
3. There's a call for the will- ing work - ers, To glean in the

struct - ion to stay; Hear the voice of the Mas - ter say - ing, "Go
har - vest are white; There are souls, prec-ious souls to gath - er, Ere
high- ways of sin, Go - ing forth with a firm en - deav - or, To

CHORUS.

work in my vineyard to - day." } Go work, go work,
fall - eth the shad-ows of night.
gath - er the wan-der - ers in. } Go work, go work,

Go work in my vine - yard to - day; Hear the
to - day,

voice of the Mas-ter say - ing, "Go work in my vine-yard to- day."

Copyright, 1892, by R. M. McIntosh.

No. 55. WALK WITH ME, GRACIOUS LORD.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Walk with me, gra - cious Lord, A - long the way,
2. In ev - 'ry time of need Be thou near by,
3. Thou know - est all my life With - out, with - in;
4. In ev - 'ry con - flict hour, My help - er be,
5. But let me lean my head Up - on thy breast,

Lest I should be al - lured From thee to stray.
And hear me when to thee, For help I cry.
O, shield me, day by day, From doubt and sin!
And give me grace to gain The vic - to - ry.
And I will have sweet peace, And be at rest.

CHORUS.

When I am tried, be near me, When sore dis-couraged, cheer me;
And when I pray, O hear me, My gra - cious Lord!

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No. 56. I'LL BE THERE.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. When the roll is call'd in heav'n, And to vic - tors shall be giv'n
2. I'll be there, re-deem'd and free, In the ho - ly com - pa - ny,
3. I'll be there a - mong the blest, To en- joy the heav'nly rest,

The rewards of faithful ser - vice here, Free from sin and free from blame,
That shall ga-ther 'round the Saviour's throne, When re-sponding to his call,
And to share the glory fair and bright, Fill'd with joy and fill'd with peace,

I shall an-swer to my name, And a- mong the glo- ri- fied ap - pear.
Low be - fore his feet they fall, And he crowns them ev-ermore his own.
Where is no un- hap pi-ness, In the pal - a - ces of gold- en light.

REFRAIN.

I'll be there, ... yes, I'll be there,
I'll be there, yes, I'll be there,

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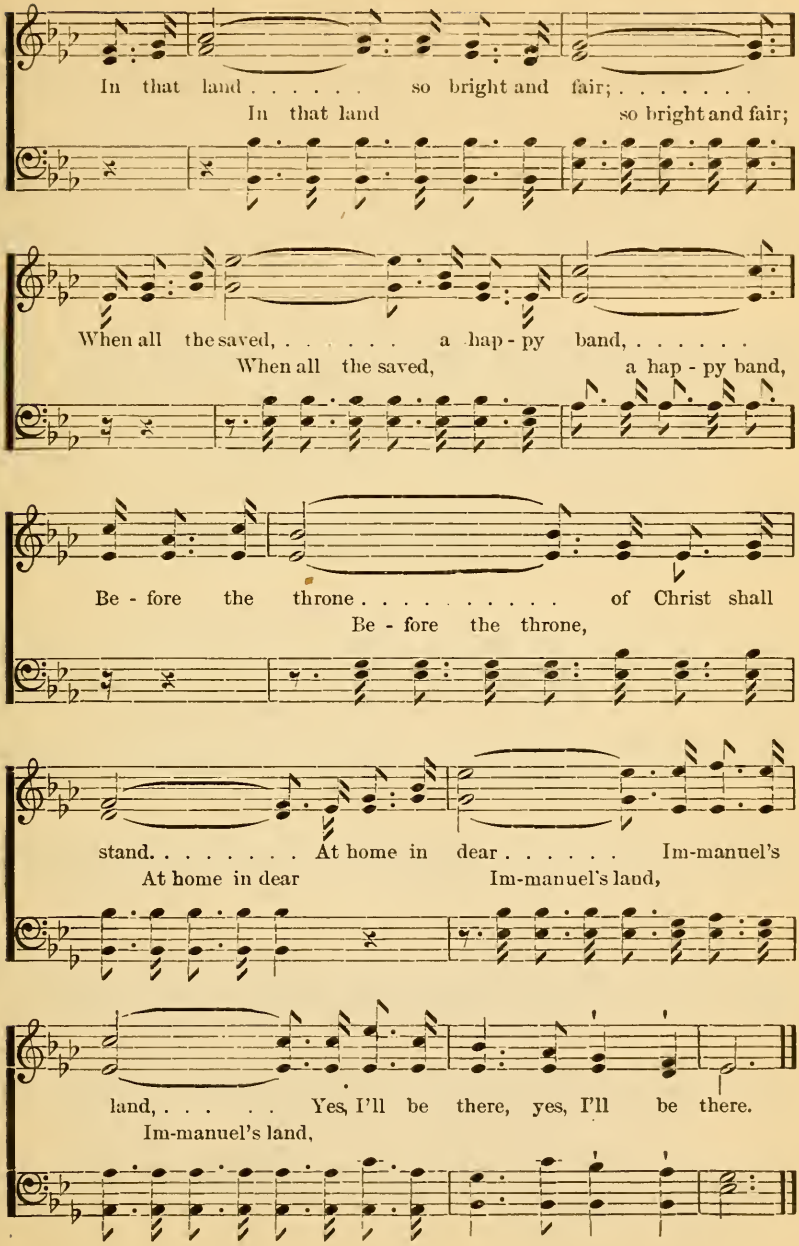
I'LL BE THERE. Concluded.



No. 57. SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

Anon. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sit-ting at the feet of Jesus, O what words I hear him say! (hear him say!)
2. Sit-ting at the feet of Jesus, Where could mortal be more blest? (be more blest?)
3. Bless me, O my Saviour, bless me, As I sit low at thy feet! (at thy feet!)

Hap-py place, so near, so pre-cious! May it find me there each day!
There I lay my sins and sor-rows, And when wea-ry, find sweet rest.
Oh, look down in love up-on me, Let me see thy face so sweet!

Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus, I would look up-on the past;
Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus, There I love to weep and pray.
Give me Lord, the mind of Je-sus, Make me ho-ly as he is:

For his love has been so pre-cious, It has won my heart at last.
While I from his ful-ness gath-er Grace and com-fort day by day.
May I prove I've been with Je-sus, Who is all my right-eous-ness!

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 58. WHEN THE HARVEST ALL IS IN.

E. R. LATTA. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Would you stand a-mong the toil-ers, When the har- vest all is in?
2. Would you join the song of gladness, When the har- vest all is in?
3. Would you have some sheaves to of-fer, When the har- vest all is in?
4. Would you have a crown e - ter-nal, When the har- vest all is in?

For the bless - ed Lord and Mas- ter. You must here the work be- gin.
You must be a faith- ful glean- er In the haunts of woe and sin.
From the husks of want and fol - ly, Strive the prod - i - gals to win.
Seek to swell the heav'nly gar- ner, Ere it be too late to glean.

CHORUS.

When the har - vest all is in, When the har - vest all is in,

What a meet - ing of the reap - ers, What a

shout - ing of ho - san - nas, When the harv- est all is in.

Copyright, 1892, by R. M. McIntosh.

No. 59. THAT GENTLE WHISPER.

E. E. Hewitt. Adam Geibel, by per.

1. Do you hear that gen- tle whis- per? Sweet-er ac - cents can-not be;
2. Wait not till the evening shad-ows Close a-round your dark'ning way;
3. Come, and bring your fresh af- fections; Youth's bright flowers of joy and love;
4. Leave these shallow streams un-tast-ed, Nev - er can they sat - is - fy;

'Tis the Sav- iour's in - vi - ta - tion, "Come, my child, oh, come to me."
Come, while morning dew-drops spar-kle, Come, while ear- ly sunbeams play.
Come, to find e - ter - nal treasures, Find your tru - est Friend a - bove.
Come, to drink of liv - ing wa - ters, Free - ly flow - ing from on high.

Chorus.

p

Come, oh, come . . . . . come, oh, come; . . . . . Sweet - ly
Come, oh come; come, oh, come;

p

pp

breathes that gen- tle whis-per, "Come to me, oh, come to-day," Breathes the

Sav - iour's in - vi - ta - tion, Come to me, oh, come to - day.

Copyright, 1890, by John J. Hood.

No. 60. COME TO-DAY.

Mrs. Laura E. Newell. A. J. Showalter.

1. Hear the Sav-iour's in - vi - ta - tion, "Come to me to - day;"
2. Hear the Sav-iour's in - vi - ta - tion; Seek the heav'nly fold;
3. Free sal-va - tion now he of - fers, Seek the heav'nly fold;
4. Come to-day, no oth - er ref - uge E'er may mor-tals know;
5. He has died your soul to res - cue; None may love as he;

All ye peo - ple, ev - 'ry na - tion, Heark-en and o - bey.
All ye peo - ple, ev - 'ry na - tion, En - ter young and old.
While he kind - ly bids you en - ter, Ere your hearts grow cold.
Lis - ten to his ten - der pleading; He would bear your woe.
Come to Je - sus, he is call - ing, Call - ing ten - der - ly.

Refrain.

Come to - day, come to-day, While he is sweet-ly call - ing;

On your ear, soft and clear His lov - ing tones are fall - ing.

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 61. ON THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I am on my way to heav - en, where my best pos - ses-sions are;
2. I am on my way to heav - en, and the Sav - iour walks with me,
3. I am on my way to heav - en, and the pros-pect is so sweet;

There my soul has laid up treasure from earth's moth and rust a - far;
Lest I fal - ter by the road-side when the task may heav - y be,
For the friends that went be-fore me I shall then in rap-ture greet;

If I prove but true and faith - ful to the prom-ise of my heart,
And he light-ens ev - 'ry bur - den, and he lifts my ev - 'ry care;
They are wait-ing at the por - tals, and I hope ere long to stand

Soon in yon-der bless-ed King-dom I will share a glo-rious part.
Oh, if he will but go with me, I shall reach the por-tals fair!
With the white-robed and redeemed ones in our dear Im-man-uel's land.

CHORUS.

May I reach the heav'nly Kingdom, And a star - ry crown be mine.
May I reach the heav'nly Kingdom, And a starry crown be mine.

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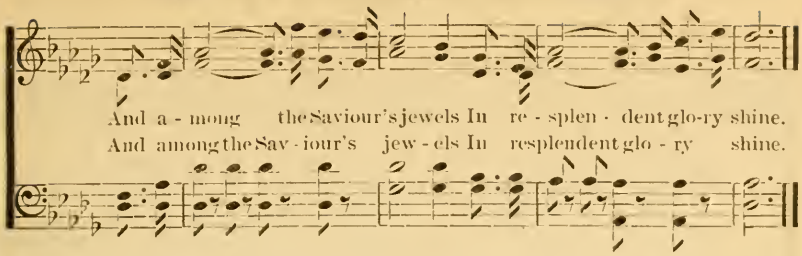
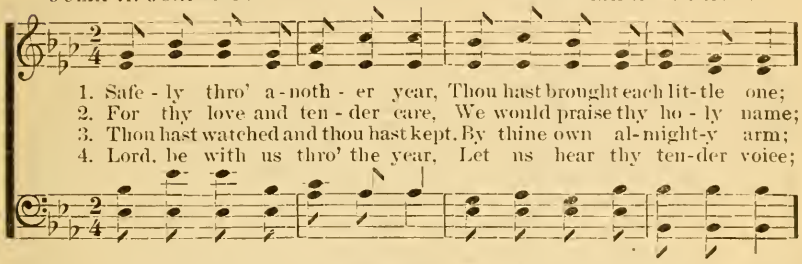
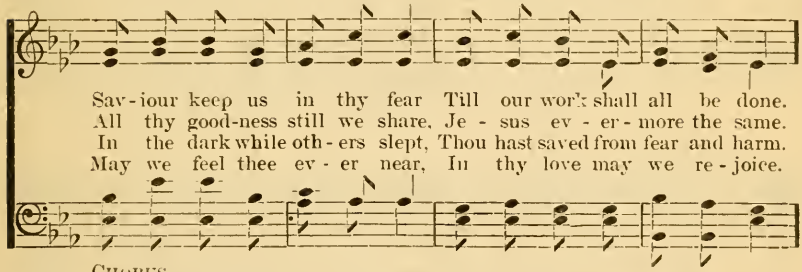
ON THE WAY TO HEAVEN. Concluded.



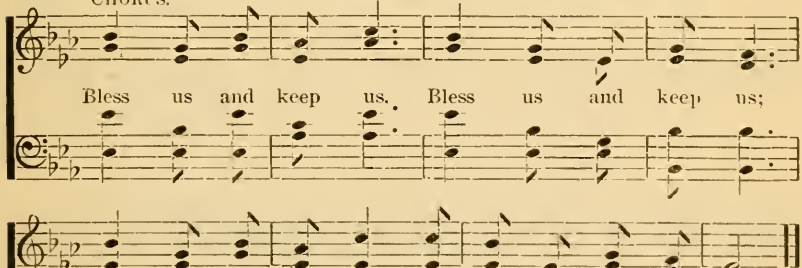
No. 62. BLESS US AND KEEP US.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. FRANK M. DAVIS.





CHORUS.



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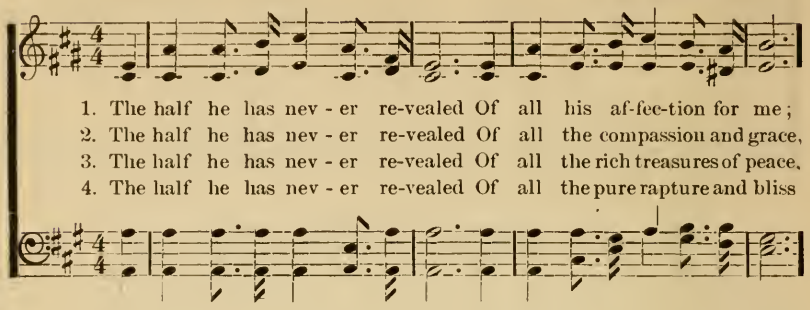
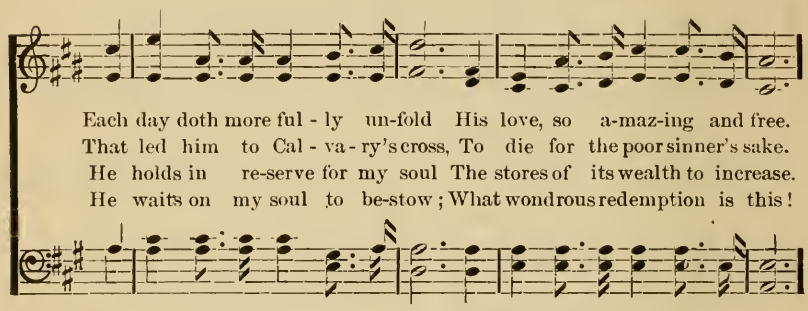
No. 63. THE HALF HE HAS NEVER REVEALED.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. M. MCINTOSH.

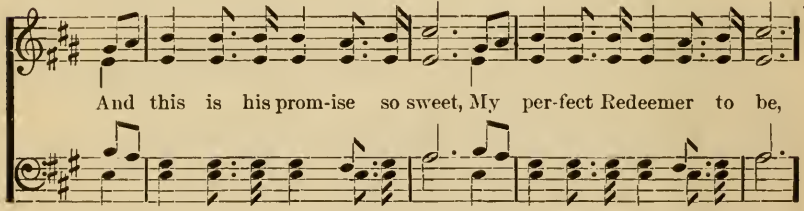


1. The half he has nev - er re-vealed Of all his af-fec-tion for me;
2. The half he has nev - er re-vealed Of all the compassion and grace,
3. The half he has nev - er re-vealed Of all the rich treasures of peace,
4. The half he has nev - er re-vealed Of all the pure rapture and bliss

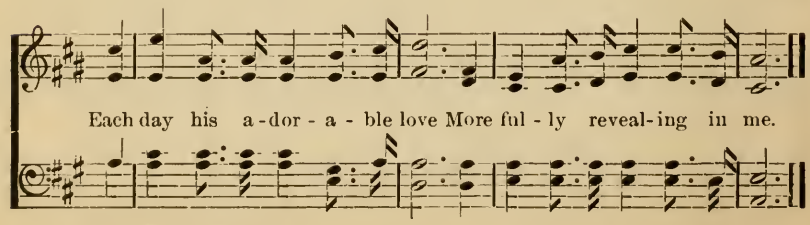


Each day doth more ful - ly un-fold His love, so a-maz-ing and free.
That led him to Cal - va - ry's cross, To die for the poor sinner's sake.
He holds in re-serve for my soul The stores of its wealth to increase.
He waits on my soul to be-stow; What wondrous redemption is this!

REFRAIN.



And this is his prom-ise so sweet, My per-fect Redeemer to be,



Each day his a - dor - a - ble love More ful - ly reveal-ing in me.

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No. 64. I WILL LEAD THEE.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. On-ward, dear pil - grim, faint and so wea - ry, Foot-sore from trav - el, burdened, op- prest, Pa-tient be thou a lit- tle while long - er, Till thou shalt reach the sweet home of rest.

2. Thou shalt yet meet with tri - als and troub - les, These shall as - sail thy soul in the way; On - ly be thou a faithful dis- ci - ple, Soon will ap - pear the heav - en - ly day.

3. Doubt-ings and fears should nev - er dis- tress thee, On - ly in faith con - fide thou in me; I will not leave thee, neith-er for- sake thee, Help - er and friend and strength I will be.

4. I will at- tend thee, yes I will lead thee, Safe with my strong, om - ni - po-tent hand. Up to the fair and beau- ti - ful por - tals Of the de- light - ful heav - en - ly band.

CHORUS.

I will lead thee, ten - der - ly lead thee, Lead thee in safe - ty, child of my love, (*Omit.* . . . . .)deem- er's kingdom a - bove.

Up to the por - tals, beau - ti - ful por - tals Of the Re -

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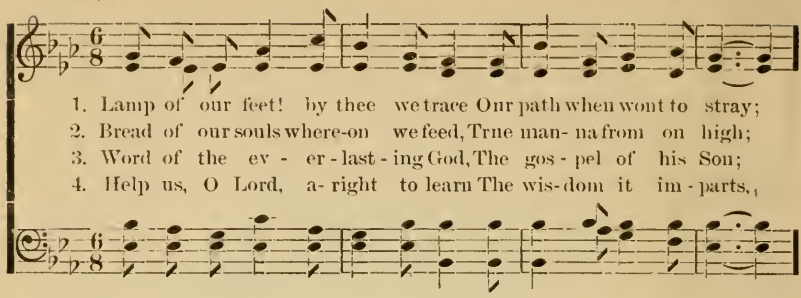
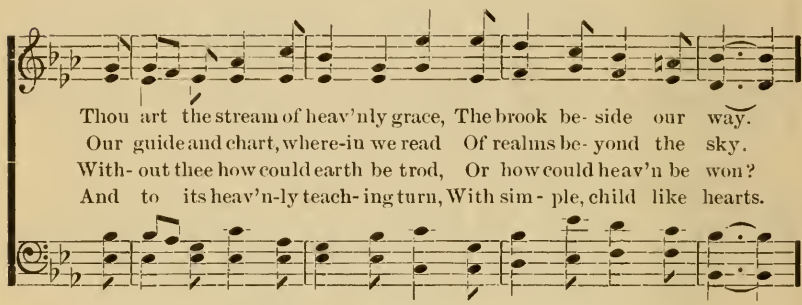
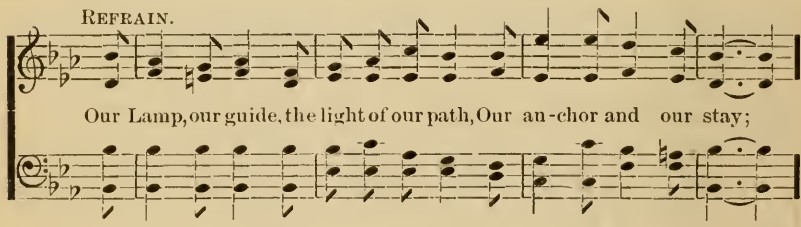
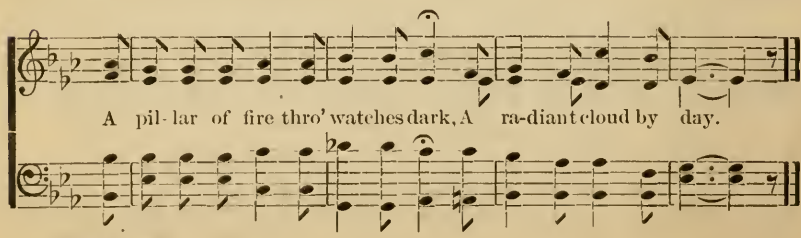
No. 65. LAMP OF OUR FEET.

BARTON, arr. A. J. SHOWALTER.









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No. 65. I NEVER WILL LEAVE THEE.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. O Je-sus! I never will leave thee, For with thee, how bright is the way.
2. My life would be des-o-late, cheerless, Except for thy presence each day.
3. The world may despise and forsake me, Their frowns cannot turn me away;

Without thee, how lone and how dreary! No, nev-er from thee will I stray.
And so I will follow thee, fearless, And nev-er from thee will I stray.
My Saviour and friend have I made thee, And nev-er from thee will I stray.

CHORUS.

No, nev-er, no, nev-er. No, nev-er from thee will I stray.

No, nev-er, no, nev-er. No, nev-er from thee will I stray.

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No. 67. A LITTLE LONGER LABOR ON.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. O earn - est toil - er for the Lord! Tho' wea - ry you may be,
2. A man-sion beau- ti - ful and fair, Ir - ra - di-ate with light,
3. The days of la - bor soon will end, And then a glo- rious rest,

A lit - tle long - er la - bor on, And serve him faith-ful - ly;
Is wait - ing all the faith - ful ones, And robes of pur - est white;
In yon - der pal - a - ces of love, A- waits the saved and blest;

For all the ser - vice you may give To Christ, your lov- ing Lord,
And they who la - bor pa- tient- ly, En- dur - ing to the end,
What rap - ture it will be to gaze Up - on the Sav- iour there!

A shin - ing crown in Par - a - dise Will be the blest re - ward.
Will have a crown of lus- trous gold From Christ, their loving Friend.
What joy and hap - pi - ness un- told The crown of life to wear!

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A LITTLE LONGER LABOR ON. Concluded.

CHORUS.

The crown, . . the crown, . . To us will then be giv - en,
The gold - en crown, the shin-ing crown,

The crown, . . the crown, . . When we ar-rive in heav'n.
The gold - en crown, the shin-ing crown,

No. 68. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

WM. HAMMOND.

1. A- wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;
2. Sing of his dy - ing love; Sing of his ris - ing power;
3. Sing on your heav'n - ly way, You ran - somed sin - ners, sing;
4. Soon shall you hear him say, "You bless- ed children come!"

Wake, ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.
Sing how he in - ter-cedes a - bove For those whose sins he bore.
Sing on, re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day In Christ, the glo- rious King.
Soon will he call you hence a - way, And take his pil-grims home.

No. 69. TEMPTED AND TRIED.

C. W. Ray. R. M. McIntosh.

1. Art thou tempt-ed and tried? In thy Sav-iour con-fide, Tho' a-
2. Art thou tempt-ed and tried? Still in Je-sus a-bide, He shall
3. Art thou tempt-ed and tried? Then whatev-er be-tide, Trust in

round thee the bil-lows may roll; He who stooped on the wave Sink-ing
rule both the wind and the sea; He will van-quish thy foes, He will
Je-sus whose arm can-not fail; If his fa-vor be thine, Tho' all

Pe-ter to save, He will shel-ter and care for thy soul.
ban-ish thy woes, And his bo-som thy ref-uge shall be.
worlds may com-bine, Naught a-gainst thee shall ev-er pre-vail.

Refrain.

He who walked on the wave Is al-might-y to save; Trust thy

soul to his mer-cy and care; Then in in-fi-nite love He shall

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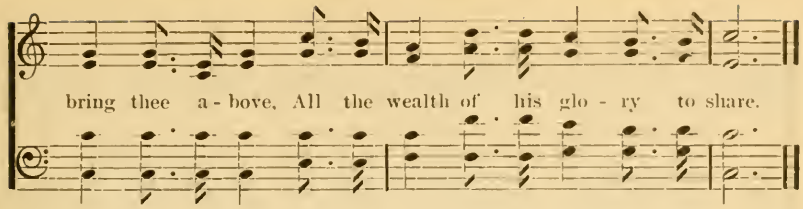
TEMPTED AND TRIED. Concluded.



No. 70. JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

H. S. H. SANDERS.

With great expression.

1. See him in the gar - den lone, Midnight dark-ness o'er him,
2. All his friends for - sake him now, None with him are stay - ing;
3. On him all our sins were laid, Thro' him came sal - va - tion;
4. "Man of sor-rows!" born to grief! For our sins a - ton - ing.

None but God to hear his moan; Nought but death be - fore him
Blood - y sweat up - on his brow, To his Fa - ther pray - ing.
He for us a ran - som paid, Price-less, pure ob - la - tion.
By whose stripes we find re - lief, Our lost state be - moan - ing.

p *pp* *Rit.* *Dim.*

All a - lone! all a - lone! He the wine-press treads a - lone.
All a - lone! all a - lone! He the wine-press treads a - lone.
All a - lone! all a - lone! He the wine-press trod a - lone.
All a - lone! all a - lone! He the wine-press trod a - lone.

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No. 71. THEY SHALL SHINE.

C. W. R. C. W. RAY.

1. { They shall shine, ev- er shine, Like the firm - a-ment of heav - en,
   { Like the stars they shall shine, Who in faith - ful-ness have striv - en
2. { They shall shine, ev- er shine, Who in love with truth and du - ty,
   { They shall walk by and by, With the Sav - iour in his beau - ty,

Who in wis-dom shall en - ter the gates of the King;
That some soul to the Lord they in tri - - - umph might bring.
Shall un- ceas- ing - ly strive some lost wand'rer to save;
They shall vic- t'ry ob- tain o - ver death . . . . . and the grave.

REFRAIN.

Like the stars, they shall shine With a ra - diance di-vine, As the

bright- est gems, for - ev - er, In the king - dom of the Lord;

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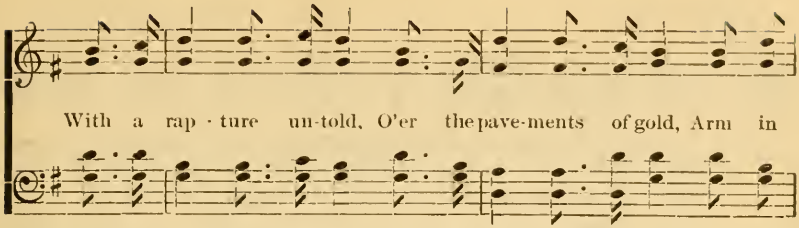
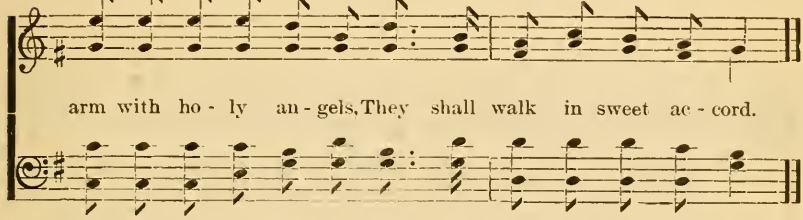
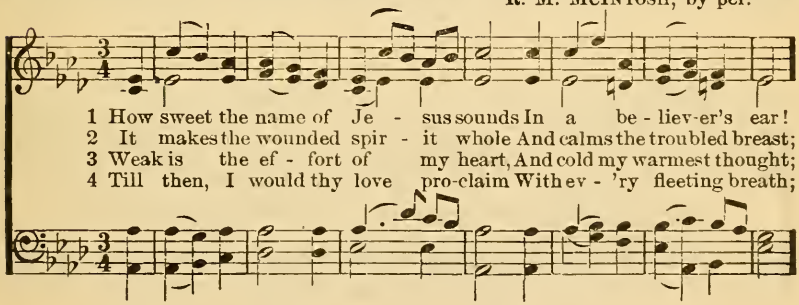
THEY SHALL SHINE. Concluded.

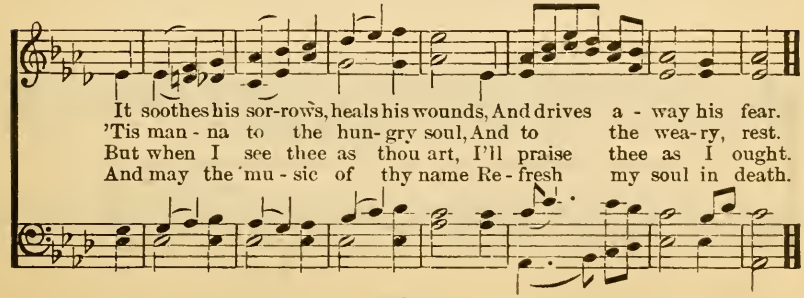




No. 72. BONNELL. C. M.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.





No. 73. STANDING BY THE CROSS.

ALLEN-SHIRLEY.
Ref. by A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which before the cross I spend;
2. Here it is, I find my heav-en, While up-on the Lamb I gaze:
3. Love and grief my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
4. May I still en- joy this feel- ing, In all need to Je - sus go;

Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sinner's dy -ing Friend.
Love I much? I've much for-giv- en—I'm a mir - a - cle of grace!
Con - stant still in faith a - bid - ing, Life de- riv - ing from his death.
Prove his wounds each day more healing, And himself more deeply know.

REFRAIN.

Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Cal-va- ry;

Looking up to Christ, trusting in his love; Trusting in his mercy full and free.

Copyright, 1891, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 74. TAKE YOUR HARPS.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Take your harps on wil- lows hung, Sound them forth in joy - ful lays,
2. Take your harps, oh pil-grim band, Weep no more by Babylon's wave,
3. Take your harps, and tune each string To the song the an - gels sang;

Let the Saviour's name be sung In a song of loft - y praise.
Shout the tid-ings thro' the land, Je - sus Christ is strong to save.
Let the Saviour's praises ring As the heav - enly eho - rus rang.

CHORUS.

Swell the joy - ful an-them, high Un - to God your voic- es raise;

With the ho - ly an - gels vie, In a might - y song of praise.

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No. 75. BE OF GOOD COURAGE.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Be of good cour - age, be not a - fraid; God will up - hold thee
2. Be of good cour - age, God is thy friend, In the fierce con - flict
3. Be of good cour - age, doubting is sin; Faith in the Lord the

with his sure aid; He will sus - tain thee, strengthen thy heart;
thee he'll de - fend; Trust him then, ful - ly, naught can thee harm,
vic - t'ry will win; For - ward then, pil - grim, trust in the Lord;

Refrain.

Trust him, nor ev - er from him depart. Be . . . . of good cour-age,
God will uphold thee with his strong arm.
Lo! the great Captain gives thee the word. Be of good courage, be of good courage,

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Be . . . . . not a - fraid; God . . . . . will up-
Be not a - fraid, be not a-fraid. God will uphold thee,

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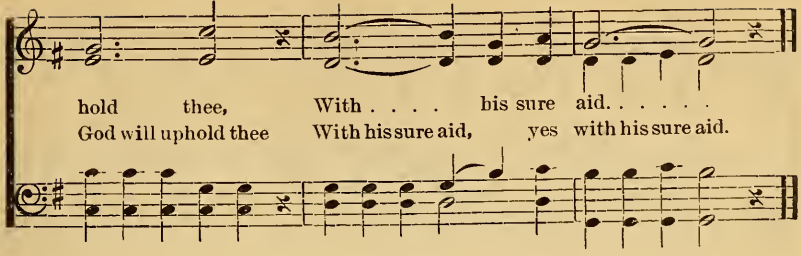
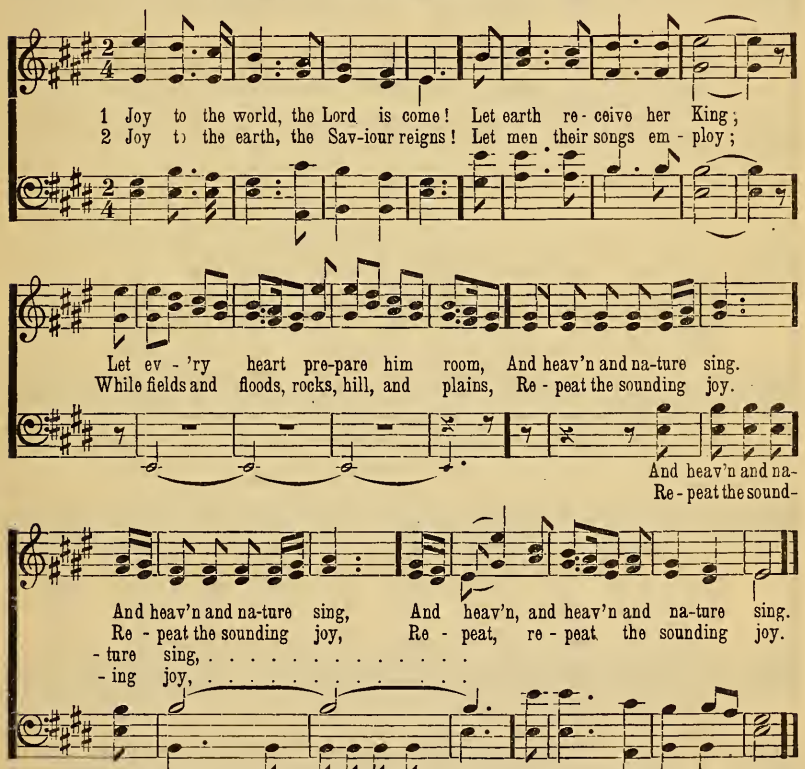
BE OF GOOD COURAGE. Concluded.



No. 76. ANTIOCH. C. M.



3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

No. 77. THE CHILDREN FOR JESUS.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. The chil-dren for Je - sus, their hearts for his throne, Their
2. The chil-dren for Je - sus, their eyes to be - hold, The
3. The chil-dren for Je - sus, our mot - to and aim, We

lives to be ruled by his scep - tre a - lone; Their
way of sal - va - tion, by proph - ets fore - told; Their
glad - ly go forth in thine own bless - ed name; To

hands for his ser - vice, their tongues for his praise, Their
bod - ies his tem - ples, by sin un - de - filed, The
gath - er the chil - dren, wher - ev - er they be,— To

feet to run swift in the heav - en - ly ways.
chil - dren for Je - sus, and each one his child.
lead and to guide them, dear Sav - iour, to thee.

CHORUS.

And thus bless - ed Sav - iour, we ev - er would be,

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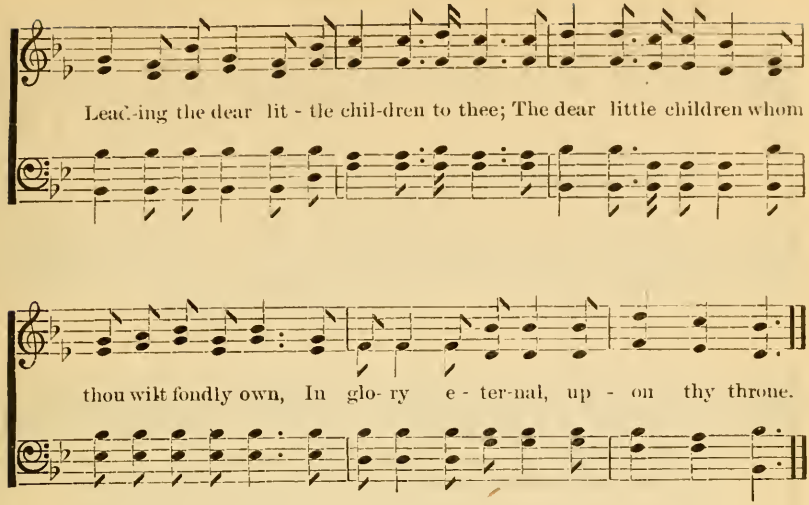
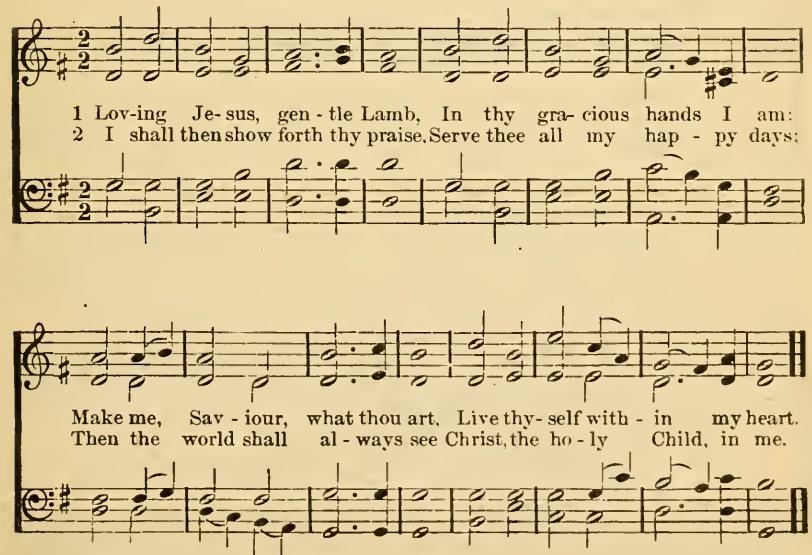
THE CHILDREN FOR JESUS. Concluded.



No. 78. DAVIES. 7s.

R. M. McINTOSH.



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No. 79. THE VOICE OF JESUS.

Dr. H. Bonar. W. A. Ogden.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest,
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light,

Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter, thirs- ty one, Stoop down, and drink and live."
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

I came to Je - sus, as I was, Wea-ry, and faint and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank, Of that life - giv - ing stream;
I came to Je - sus, and I found In him my star, my sun.

I found in him a rest - ing place, And he has made me glad.
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till trav'ling days are done.

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THE VOICE OF JESUS. Concluded.

CHORUS. *cres.* *cres.*

And he has made me glad, . . And he has made me glad, . . .
And now I live in him, . . . And now I live in him, . . .
Till trav'ling days are done, . . . Till trav'ling days are done, . . .

And he has made me glad, And he has made me glad,
And now I live in him, And now I live in him,
Till trav'ling days are done, Till trav'ling days are done,

f

I found in Him a rest-ing place, And he has made me glad.
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till trav'ling days are done.

No. 80. HE IS EVER FAITHFUL.

From HAYDN.

1. Let us with a joy - ful mind, Praise the Lord for he is kind;
2. All things liv - ing he doth feed, His full hand sup - plies our need.

All his mer - cies shall en - dure Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
For his mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

No. 81. ARIEL.

Dr. L. Mason.

1. O Love Di - vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my will- ing heart All ta - ken up by thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The great-ness of redeem- ing love, The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me.

2. Strong-er his love than death or hell; Its rich - es are un-search-a - ble: The first-born sons of light De - sire in vain its depths to see; They can - not reach the mys- ter - y, The length, the breadth, and height, The length the breadth, and height.

3. God on - ly knows the love of God: O that it now were shed a - broad In this poor ston - y heart! For love I sigh, for love I pine: This on - ly por- tion, Lord be mine! Be mine this bet - ter part, Be mine this bet - ter part!

4. O that I could for - ev - er sit With Ma - ry at the Mas-ter's feet! Be this my hap - py choice; My on - ly care, de-light, and bliss, My joy, my heav'n on earth be this, To hear the Bridegroom's voice, To hear the Bride - groom's voice!

No. 82. GATHER THE HARVEST.

C. W. Ray. R. M. McIntosh.

1. Gath - er- ing in the har - vest, From val- ley and hill and plain;
2. Gath - er- ing in the har - vest, O'er fields that are rough and wide;
3. Gath - er- ing in the har - vest, With pa-tient and ten- der care;

And gath - er-ing with the reap - ers The rip - eu-ing gold- eu grain.
And gath - er-ing with the glean-ers A- long by the high-way-side.
The Mas - ter will make us wel- come, The har-vester's joy to share.

Refrain.

Per- ish- ing is the har - vest, Precious the sheaves we bring;

Reap-ing for life e - ter - ual, For Je - sus our Sav- iour King.

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No. 83. Where The Living Waters Flow.

Words arr. EDWARD E. NICKERSON by per.

1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach - ing breast is giv'n, Down where the
2. For thee, my soul, for thee These priceless joys were bought, Down where the
3. Come, with the ransom'd train, The Saviour's prais-es sing, Down where the
4. And soon, be-fore his face, We'll praise in light a- bove, Down where the

liv-ing waters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole, Love fills our heart with heav'n,
liv-ing waters flow; Thine is the mer- cy free, That Christ to earth has brought.
liv-ing waters flow; Re-joice! the Lamb was slain, Adore! he reigns a king,
liv-ing waters flow; Triumphant thro' his grace, Made perfect by his love,

REFRAIN.

Down where the living waters flow. Down where the living waters flow, . . living waters flow,

Down where the tree of life doth grow, I'm liv - ing in the light, for

Je- sus and the right, Down where the liv-ing wat-ers flow. . . . . liv-ing waters flow.

Copyright, 1889, by E. C. Avis, by per.

No. 84. SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

E. D. Mund. E. S. Lorenz, by per.

1. When I walked with my Lord in the sun - shine, His com-
2. When I stood on the mount in the sun - shine, Felt I
3. When I walked with my Lord in the sun - shine, With my
4. Oh, how pre - cious the walk in the dark - ness! Oh, how

pan - ion - ship was sweet; Then I wandered with him in the
strong to walk a - lone, Then I groped in the gloom of the
love was min - gled pride; When the dark shad-ows fell, I was
dear the hours of pain! When the Sav - iour is walk-ing be-

Chorus.

shad - ow, And my joy was made com-plete.
val - ley, And my help-less-ness was shown.
hum - bled, And my love was pu - ri - fied.
side me, Mak-ing loss su-prem-est gain.

Ev'ry-where, dark or fair,

Where my Sav-iour leads me, will I glad - ly go; Up on the mountain,

down in the val - ley, Ev - 'ry step he leads me, richer grace doth show.

Copyright, 1889, by E. S. Lorenz.

No. 85. KEEP ME NEAR THEE.

J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

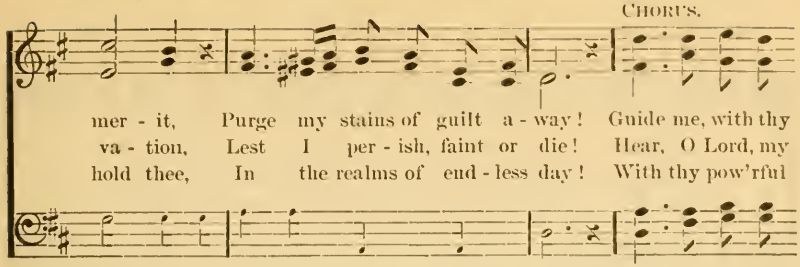
1. Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, keep me near thee! Let me nev-er go a-stray! When temp-ta-tions fierce as-sail me, Help me to re-sist, I pray! Guide me, with thy word and spir-it, In the good and righteous way; Thro' the Saviour's blood and clean-ing.

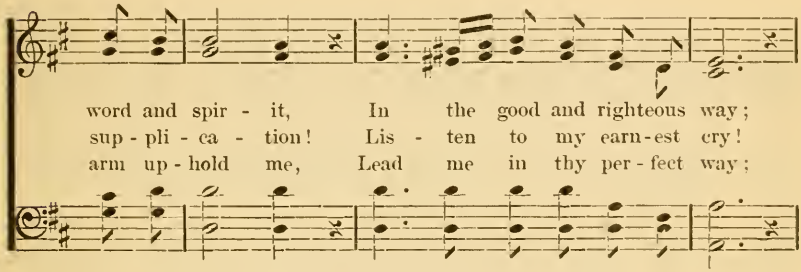
2. I am fee-ble, frail, un-sta-ble, Vile, cor-rupt, un-clean with-in, Thou art might-y, strong, and a-ble, To de-liv-er me from sin. Hear, O Lord, my sup-pli-ca-tion! Lis-ten to my earn-est cry! Grant me mer-cy and sal-va-tion.

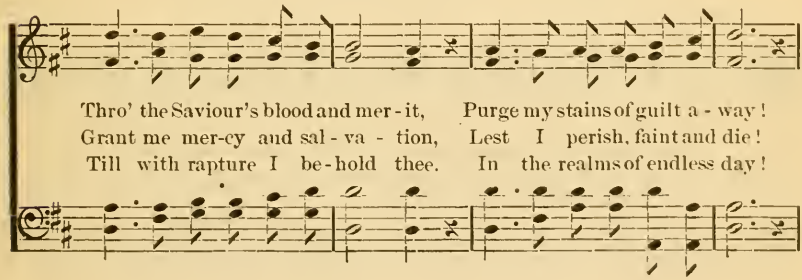
3. When my days are dark and drear-y With af-flic-tion, toil and grief, When I'm lone-ly, sad and wea-ry, Give me suc-cor and re-lief! With thy pow'r-ful arm up-hold me; Lead me in thy per-fect way; Till with rapture I be-hold me.

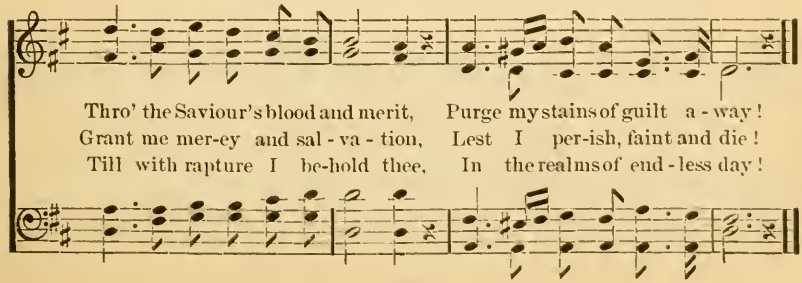
ORGAN.

KEEP ME NEAR THEE. Concluded.









No. 86. CITY OF THE JASPER WALL.

Dr. Bethune. W. A. Ogden.

1 Oh cit - y of the Jas - per wall, And of the pear - ly gate,
2 Oh cit - y where they need no light Of sun, or moon, or star,
3 Oh cit - y where the shin - ing gates Shut out all grief and sin,

For thee a - mid the storms of life, Our wea - ry spir - its wait,
Could we with eye of faith but see How bright thy mansions are,
Well may we yearn a - mid earth's strife, Thy ho - ly peace to win. —

Duet. *p* Chorus. *f*

Oh, may we walk the streets of gold, No mor - tal feet have trod;
How soon our doubts would flee a - way, How strong our trust would grow,
Yet will we meek - ly bear the cross, Nor seek to lay it down,

Duet. *p* Chorus. *f*

Oh, may we wor - ship at the shrine, The tem - ple of our God.
Un - til our hearts should trust no more The treas - ure here be - low.
Un - til our Fa - ther calls us home, And gives the prom - ised crown.

CITY OF THE JASPER WALL. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh land..... of bliss,..... Oh land..... of light,.....
Oh land, oh land of bliss, Oh land, oh land of light,

Oh cit - y of the Jas - per wall, Oh land, for - ev - er bright!

No. 87. CRICHLOW. L. M.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1 Je-sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of thee?
2 Ashamed of Je - sus! soon-er far Let evening blush to own a star:
3 Ashamed of Je - sus! just as soon, Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
4 Ashamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?

Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
He sheds the beams of light di-vine O'er this be-night - ed soul of mine.
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee?
No: when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere his name.

No. 88. YON PORTALS FAIR.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. When shall we stand at yon por- tals fair? By and by, by and by.
2. When will the la - bor of earth be o'er? By and by, by and by.
3. When will we see all our friends a-gain? By and by, by and by.
4. We have a prom- ise of bless- ed rest, By and by, by and by.

When shall we share in the glo - ry there? By and by, yes by and by
When will we sor-row and sigh no more? By and by, yes by and by.
When shall we join them in sweet re-frain? By and by, yes by and by
Lean- ing in calmness on Je - sus' breast, By and by, yes by and by.

'Twill not be long till the Lord shall come, Call me to en- ter my heav'nly home,
Not long on earth can the pilgrim stay; Soon God will summon to heav'n away;
'Twill not be long till in joy we meet, And in af- fec-tion each oth- er greet;
Not here where weary the heart and hand, But in the fair- er Im-manuel's land

There with the ho- ly and blest to roam, Yes, by and by, yes, by and by.
Oh! it is com-ing, that glad, glad day, Yes, by and by, yes, by and by.
Oh! the re- u- nion will be so sweet, Yes, by and by, yes, by and by.
Crown'd with the host of the white-rob'd band, Yes, by and by, yes, by and by.

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No. 89. CHILDREN'S HYMN.

MARIAN E. OGDEN.

1. From the sun-ny morn-ing, To the star-ry night, Ev-'ry
2. From our earliest breathing, To our lat-est year. Ev-'ry
3. Thro' our earth-ly jour-ney, Where so-e'er we go, Ev-'ry
4. Let us then be faith-ful, That our hearts may be Good, and

look and ac-tion, Meets our Father's sight,—Meets our Father's sight.
word we ut-ter Meets our Father's ear,— Meets our Father's ear.
thought and feel-ing Doth our Fa-ther know,—Doth our Fa-ther know.
kind and cheer-ful, And from sin set free,— And from sin set free.

CHORUS.

Help us O, our Fa-ther, Hear our earn-est plea;

Teach thy lit-tle chil-dren How to live for thee.

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No. 90. LIVE FOR JESUS.

E. R. LATTA. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Live for Je - sus, O my brother, His dis - ci - ple ev - er be;
2. Live for Je - sus, wand'ring sinner, Un-der Sa - tan serve no more;
3. Live for Je - sus, O my spir-it, Keep his foot - steps all the way;
4. Live for Je - sus in life's morning; At the noon - tide hour be his.

Ren-der not to a - ny oth - er, What a - lone the Lord's should be.
Of the promised prize a winner Thou may'st be, when life is o'er.
What the Mas - ter bids thee, hear it, And his right-eous will o - bey.
And at eve, when day is turning, And in - her - it endless bliss.

CHORUS.

Live for Je - sus, live for Je - sus; Give him all thou hast to give;

On the cross the world's Redeemer, Gave his life that thou mightst live.

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No. 91. WHO SHALL ABIDE?

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Who shall a- bide his com - ing? Who shall his chos- en be?
2. Who shall a- bide his com - ing? When he shall claim his own?
3. Who shall a- bide his com - ing? They who are un - de - filed:

When at the Lord sap- pear - ing, What shall he say of thee?
Stand in the day of judg-ment, Spotless be-fore his throne.
They who in faith have fol - low'd Christ, as a lit - tle child.

REFRAIN.

1-2.—Who . . . shall a - bide, . . . who . . . shall a - bide? . .
3.— They
1-2.—Who shall abide, who shall abide? Who shall abide, who shall abide?
3.— They they They they

When at thy judgment O Christ ap-pear- ing, Who shall abide with thee?
They

Copyrigbt, 1892, by W. A. Ogden.

No. 92. WE ARE THY LITTLE LAMBS.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. We are thy lit - tle lambs, Je - sus, dear Sav - iour, Lov - ing and
2. Nev - er for - sake us, Lord; Dai - ly we need thee To guide our
3. Soon on our way we go, Till in yon heav - en, We all thy

serv-ing thee Ev - 'ry day; Ev - er be-stow on us Thy lov-ing fav - or,
ten - der feet In the way; Help us be brave and true, Pa-tient and faith-ful,
love shall know, And thy grace, Till at the blessed throne, Gathered to-geth - er,
D.S.—We are thy lit - tle lambs, Thou our Re-deem-er,

FINE.

Help us to walk with thee The nar-row way.
And reach the home a-bove In end - less day.
We shall be - hold our Saviour Face to face.
Help us to walk with thee The nar-row way.
} Our hope is all in thee,

D.S.

Thou art our Sav - iour, And from thy counsels we Nev - er would stray;

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No. 93. HOME AND REST.

J. H. Simmis. R. M. McIntosh.

1. When the night comes on and the work is done, And the
2. When the day goes down in the si - lent town, And the
3. When the morn - ing breaks and the sleep - er wakes, And the

day dies in the west, And the wel - come call bids the
dark - ness gath - ers round, While the wear - y sleep in the
shad - ows flee a - way, And the glo - rious light bursts up-

work-ers all From their toil to home and rest. 'Tis sweet to know that it
shad-ows deep, And the watchman takes his round, 'Tis sweet to know that it
on his sight, As he hails the new-born day, 'Tis sweet to know that it

shall be so When the day of life is past, And we shall be from
shall be so When he gives his loved ones sleep, That they shall rest while
shall be so When the dayspring floods the skies, And sons of God for-

la - bor free, To rest at home at last, To rest at home at last.
an-gels blest, Their faithful watch shall keep, Their faithful watch shall keep.
sake the sod, And glo - ry greets the eyes. And glo - ry greets the eyes

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No. 94. AT THE FOUNT OF LOVE.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Come and drink to - day at the fount of life, Flowing
2. Come and drink to - day at the fount of life, Flowing
3. Come and drink to - day at the fount of life, Flowing

free - ly, so free - ly, 'Tis a fountain pure, 'tis a cleansing tide,
free - ly, so free - ly, To the halt and blind, to the lame and dumb,
free - ly, so free - ly, There is naught to do, there is naught to pay,

They that drink in faith ev - er - more a - bide; Ev - 'ry
Lo! the Spir - it calls and the bride says come, For the
On - ly come to God in the gos - pel way; Take the

soul may come, there are none de-nied At the fount of Je - sus' love.
thirst- y soul there is ev - er room At the fount of Je - sus' love.
cup of joy he will give to - day At the fount of Je - sus' love.

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AT THE FOUNT OF LOVE. Concluded.

Come drink, . . . come free - ly, Come drink . . . to - day;
Come drink, taste his love

Life's wa - ter free, is of - fer'd thee, Come in the gos- pel way.

No. 95. BROKER.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

Softly, gently, yet distinct.

1 'Tis midnight, and on O-live's brow, The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone:
2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears;
3 'Tis midnight; and for oth-ers' guilt The man of sor-rows weeps in blood;
4 'Tis midnight; and, from other plains Is borne the song that an - gels know:

pp

'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now, The suffering Saviour prays a - lone.
E'en that dis - ci - ple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet he that hath in an-guish knelt Is not for-sak - en by his God.
Unheard by mor - tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

No. 96. JESUS IS PASSING BY.

Arr. by J. H. W. J. H. WEBER.

1. "Je - sus is pass- ing," the blind man was told, Who by the way - side was begging of old, Wish - ing that Je - sus his sight would un- fold, Je- sus is pass-ing by.
2. "Je - sus, my Sav- iour, have mer - cy on me! O - pen my eyes and from sin set me free; Help - less and need - y, I come un - to thee, Je- sus is pass-ing by."
3. Je - sus is pass - ing, if, feel - ing your need, Earn - est en- treat - ies he sure-ly will heed; If you but ask him, your soul shall be freed, Je- sus is pass-ing by.

CHORUS.

Je- sus is passing, He's pass-ing this way, Je - sus is pass- ing, by; Thou Son of Da - vid, Have mer - cy on me; Je - sus is pass- ing by.

By per. J. H. Weber.

No. 97. Chiefest among Ten Thousand.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Chief-est among ten thousand, Is my Sav-iour dear to me:
2. Chief-est among ten thousand, Yet he came in low-ly guise,
3. Chief-est among ten thousand, Thou shalt ev-er be to me,

The One al-to-geth-er love-ly, And great-ly a-dored to be.
And of-fered his life a ran-som, For me,— a sac-ri-fice.
The weak-est of all thy chil-dren, Yet Lord; I would fol-low thee.

CHORUS

Je-sus, fair-est, Dear-est of all I know.
Je-sus blest, fair-est best,

How can I thank thee as I ought Who lovest me so.

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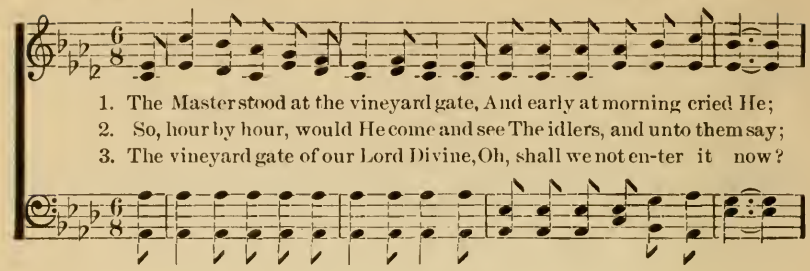
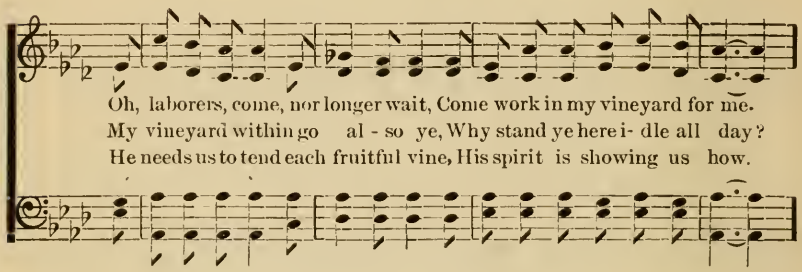
No. 98. THE VINEYARD GATE.

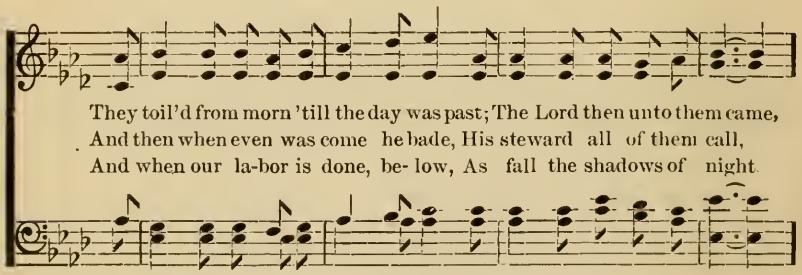
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.



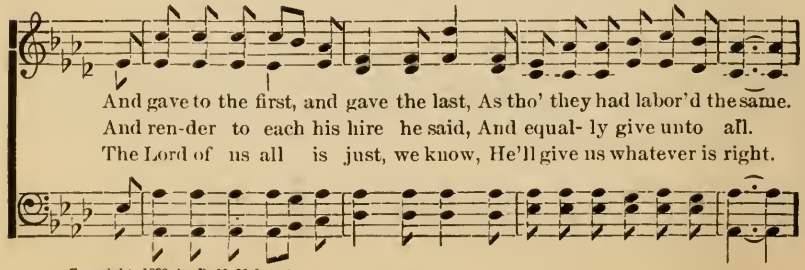
1. The Master stood at the vineyard gate, And early at morning cried He;
2. So, hour by hour, would He come and see The idlers, and unto them say;
3. The vineyard gate of our Lord Divine, Oh, shall we not en-ter it now?



Oh, laborers, come, nor longer wait, Come work in my vineyard for me.
My vineyard within go al - so ye, Why stand ye here i- dle all day?
He needs us to tend each fruitful vine, His spirit is showing us how.



They toil'd from morn 'till the day was past; The Lord then unto them came,
And then when even was come he bade, His steward all of them call,
And when our la-bor is done, be- low, As fall the shadows of night.



And gave to the first, and gave the last, As tho' they had labor'd the same.
And ren-der to each his hire he said, And equal- ly give unto all.
The Lord of us all is just, we know, He'll give us whatever is right.

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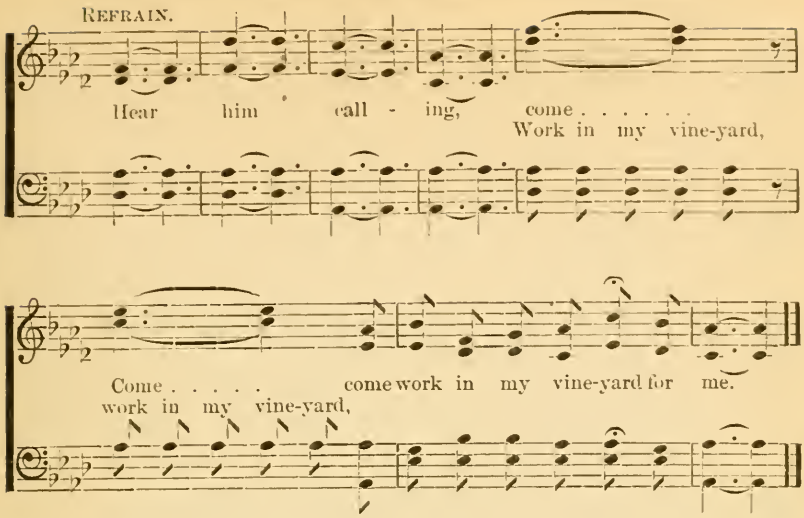
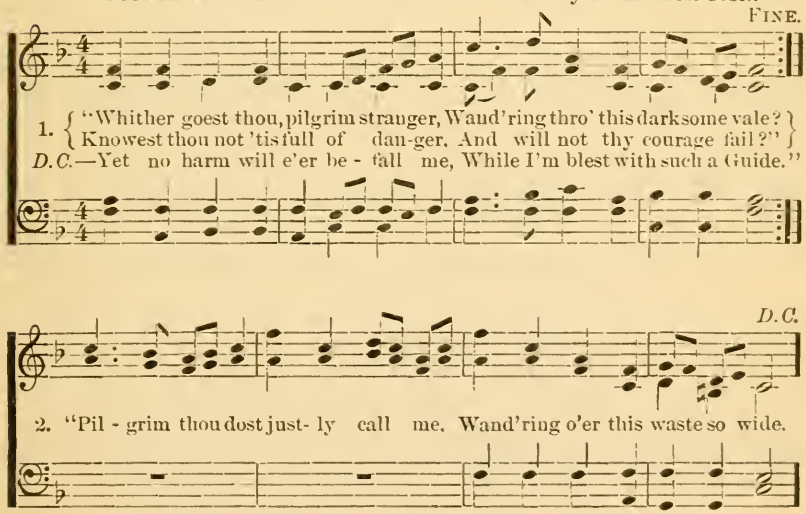
THE VINEYARD GATE. Concluded.



No. 99. PILGRIM.

FOUNTAIN E. PITTS. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



3 "Such a Guide? No guide attends thee—
Hence, for thee my fears arise:
If a guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes."

4 "Yes, unseen; but still, believe me,
Such a Guide my steps attends;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He from every harm defends.

No. 100. PRESS ON FOR THE RIGHT.

W. H. GARDNER. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Ral - ly round the stand - ard, Hear the trum- pet call,
2. Where the fight is thick - est, There ye all should be,
3. When a com - rade fall - eth, Haste to fill his place,
4. When the bat - tle's o - ver, Give to Christ the praise,

Fol - low now the Sav - iour, Hast - en at his call.
Hear your Cap - tain call - ing, Come, and fol - low me.
Keep the ranks un - brok - en, Suf - fer no dis - grace.
He it is who leads you On in glo - rious ways.

CHORUS.

Press on, ... in the fight; (in the fight;) Press press on

on . . . . for the right; . . . There are fields to win, From the for the right;

hosts of sin, Press on (press on) in the right. (the right.)

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No. 101. I KNOW A HEALING FOUNTAIN NIGH.

H. SANDERS. H. SANDERS.

1. I know a heal - ing Fountain nigh, 'Tis free for you and me,
2. I know a gar - den sweet and fair, 'Tis full of choic-est flow'rs,
3. I know a stream, a crys-tal stream, It nev- er fails or dries;
4. I know a home, far, far a - way, Not made by hu- man hands;

And tho' your sins be mountain high, All may be wash'd a - way.
It fills the breeze with o - dors rare, 'Tis fair as E-den's bow'rs.
Its wa- ters pure with sun-light gleam, In heav'n it takes its rise.
High up a - bove, where an- gels stay, And all the saint-ed bands.

That Fountain pure is Je- sus' blood! 'Twas shed for all mankind;
That gar- den is "The word of God," Its prom- is - es those flow'rs,
"Wa- ter of Life" that stream is named, It flows on through all time,
That home is where my Sav-iour dwells, And God in glo - ry reigns,

O, come and bathe in that blest flood, And full sal - va - tion find.
It scat- ters bless-ings free and broad, Thro' all the pass-ing hours.
Its liv - ing vir - tues far are famed, O, drink this draught sublime.
No storm of sor - row ev - er swells A- cross those peaceful plains.

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No. 102. LEAVE IT TO HIM.

J. E. RANKIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

1. Why go a-round with troub-led soul! There's One that makes the
2. How-ev-er man thy lot may slight, He'll turn to day thy
3. How-ev-er dark thy path may be, Dark and in-seru-ta-
4. Sure he who sets the mount-ain fast, When all earth's clouds have

wound-ed whole; Up-on the Lord thy bur-den roll,—Leave it to
dark-est night, And flood from heav'n thy path with light, Leave it to
ble to thee, He rules on high your des-ti-ny,— Leave it to
driv-en past, Will jus-ti-fy his ways at last, Leave it to

CHORUS.

him, Leave it to him . . . . . Leave it to
Leave it to him, Leave it to him.

him . . . . . who know-eth all, ... him who
Leave it to him Leave it to him,

marks . . . . . the spar-row's fall, ... Who lis-tens to the
Leave it to him who marks the sparrow's fall,

Copyright by Chas. H. Gabriel.

LEAVE IT TO HIM. Concluded.

ra-ven's call, Leave it to him, Leave it to him. . . . .
Leave it to him, Leave it to him.

No. 103. LEAVE ME NOT, O GENTLE SAVIOUR.

LIZZIE ASHBAGH. HARRY J. KURZENKNABE, by per.

1. Leave me not, for I am lone-ly, And the way I can-not see;
2. Leave me not, for dark-ness gath-ers Round a-bout the path I tread;
3. Leave me not, for sin is near me; With tempta-tion life is fraught;

Lest I wan-der in-to dan-ger, Keep me Sav-iour, near to thee.
Leave me not, but let my foot-steps Ev-er by thy hand be led.
Then thro' all life's toil-some jour-ney, O, my Sav-iour, leave me not.

CHORUS.

Sav-iour, Sav-iour, Keep me near to thee;
Leave me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour; Keep me near to thee;

Lest I wan-der in-to dan-ger, Keep me, Sav-iour, near to thee.

Copyright, by J. H. Kurzenknabe.

No. 104. HOW SWEET TO BE THERE.

Mrs. Harriet E. Jones. Frank M. Davis.

1. I'm think-ing of Je - sus, of glo - ry, and rest Be-
2. I'm think-ing of songs that the ran - somed ones sing With-
3. I'm think-ing of dear ones who left me a - lone, To

yond, in that beau - ti - ful home, And all the dear joys by the
in the bright home of our God, In praise of the cru - ci - fied
join the dear friends gone be - fore, Now watch-ing and wait - ing to

ran - somed possessed, While peace la - den years go and come.
Sav - iour and King, Who made them so clean in his blood.
wel - come me home, Where part - ings shall come nev - er more.

How sweet to be there, of earth's bur - dens re-lieved;
How sweet to be there with the mu - si - cal throng;
How sweet to re - join the dear lost ones a - gain.

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HOW SWEET TO BE THERE. Concluded.

Far, far from the tri - als o'er which we have grieved; And washed and re-
To join the re-frain of that rap-tur-ous song, And nev-er grow
In glo - ry and beau-ty on yon-der fair plain, When done with the

deemed, and by Je - sus received; How sweet, O how sweet to be there!
wea - ry the a - ges a - long; How sweet, O how sweet to be there!
toil - ing, the sor - row and pain; How sweet, O how sweet to be there!

CHORUS.

How sweet to be there, How sweet to be there; How

sweet, O, how sweet to be there; All washed and re-

to be there;

deemed, and by Je - sus received; How sweet, O, how sweet to be there!

No. 105. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left; Are you read-y for that day to come?
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to those who love the Lord; Are you read-y for that day to come?
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "de-part, I know ye not;" Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

m *pp* *m*

Are you read-y, Are you read-y, Are you read-y for the judgment day? Are you ready, Are you read-y, For the judgment day?

m *pp* *m*

By per W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, Ohio.

No. 106. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR, by per.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,
3. Go - ing forth with weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har- vest,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har- vest,
Tho' the loss sus-tain'd our spir - it of-ten grieves; When our weeping's o-ver,

and the time of reap - ing, We shall come, re - joic - ing,
and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come, re - joic - ing,
he will bid us wel - come, We shall come, re - joic - ing,

CHORUS.

bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,

1 2

We shall come, re-joic-ing. Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, re-joic - - (*Omit.*) - ing, Bringing in the sheaves.

No. 107. AS DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.

W. E. Penn. R. M. McIntosh.

1. As doves to their win - dows, when dark - ness draws nigh,
2. The win - dows of heav - en stand o - pen and wide,
3. The storm clouds are gath - 'ring, the tem - pest is high;
4. Then come trem-bling sin - ner, no long - er de - lay,

My soul in its long - ings to Je - sus would fly.
Where earth's wea - ry pil - grims may ev - er a - bide.
The day is far spent and the dark night is nigh;
As doves to their win - dows, fly quick - ly a - way;

When dark waves of sor - row would o - ver me roll,
Why then do we tar - ry in dark - ness and sin,
Why then stand we i - dle 'mid dan - gers so great,
A - way from the sins that will sink thy poor soul,

In Je - sus, my Sav - iour, there's rest for my soul.
When Je - sus is wait - ing to wel - come us in.
We know that this mo - ment may close mer - cy's gate.
Where dark waves of death must e - ter - nal - ly roll.

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AS DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

As doves . . to their win - - - dows when
As doves to their win - dows when

dark - ness is nigh, ... As doves to their
darkness is nigh, when dark-ness is nigh, As

win - . - - dows when tem - - - pests are
doves to their win- dows when tem - pests are high, when

high . . . . . There's ref - uge in Je - sus for each wea - ry
tem-pests are high,

soul, When dark waves of sor - row would o - ver me roll.

No. 108. CALLING THEE AWAY.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Be - yond the cares of life and bit - ter pain, Be - yond the thought of wealth or earth-ly gain, A voice is call - ing, call- ing thee to- day, From sin and death to quickly flee a - way.
2. Be - yond the fad - ing van - i - ties of life, Be - yond the realms of pass-ion and of strife, That voice is call - ing, call- ing thee to- day, From all un-righteousness to turn a - way.
3. Be - yond is life and ev - er - last - ing joy, Be - yond, where naught of e - vil can an-noy, The Lord now calls thee by his bless- ed word; Oh seek him while his lov-ing voice is heard.

CHORUS.

Call-ing, calling thee a - way, a-way, Calling, call-ing thee a - way, a- way, From all earth-ly care and sor - row, Sweet - ly call-ing thee a- way.

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No. 109. JESUS WILL RECEIVE THEE.

Mrs. Harriet E. Jones. Frank M. Davis.

1. Vile and sin - ful, though thou art; Je - sus will re-ceive thee;
2. At the cross there still is room; Je - sus will re-ceive thee;
3. Pre - cious love, so deep and broad; Je - sus will re-ceive thee;
D.C.—Vile and sin - ful, though thou art; Je - sus will re-ceive thee;

Fine.

On - ly come with con- trite heart, Je - sus will re- ceive thee.
Come and find sweet rest and home, Je - sus will re- ceive thee.
Glo - ry, glo - ry be to God, Je - sus will re- ceive thee.
On ly come with con- trite heart, Je - sus will re- ceive thee.

Lo the pen - i - ten - tial tear Brings the lov- ing Sav- iour near;
Come with all thy grief and sin, Ask for grace your soul with-in;
Deep - er than the deep- est sin, Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty,

D.C. for Chorus.

Thy con - fes- sions he will hear; Je - sus will re- ceive thee.
Come, O, come, sweet, heav'n to win; Je - sus will re- ceive thee.
Is our Sav- iour's love to thee Je - sus will re- ceive thee.

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No. 110 IT IS GOOD TO TRUST IN JESUS.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. It is good to trust in Je - sus When the waves of sor - row roll;
2. It is good to trust in Je - sus, When the heart is sick and faint
3. It is good to trust in Je - sus When our earth-ly friendships wane;
4. It is good to trust in Je - sus When we tread the vale of death.

He is such a help and com - fort To the tried and troubled soul;
With earth's transi - to - ry pleas- ures, And to heav- en make complaint;
Though all oth - er friends for- sake us, He, the tru - est, will re-main;
Fear- less of the roll - ing Jor- dan, Mind- ful what the Sav- iour saith;

Whith- er else for faith and cour- age Can the burdened spir - it go?
He to hear is ev - er read - y, He to help is ev - er near,
Nev - er will he be un- faith- ful, Nev - er will his heart grow cold,
"Fear thou not, for I am with thee, Fear thou not, nor be dismayed;"

Whith- er else for love's com- pass - ion In the bit - ter time of woe?
With his grac-ious con - so - la - tions Us to com- fort, us to cheer.
But through the e - ter- nal a - ges More and more his love un- fold.
Why then, with our hand in Je - sus', Should we ev - er be a- fraid?

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IT IS GOOD TO TRUST IN JESUS. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Trust in Je - sus, trust in Je - sus, Trust in his almight- y
Trust in Je-sus, trust in Je-sus, Trust in his al -

arm; Trust in Je - sus, trust in Je - sus, He will
might - y arm; Trust in Je- sus, trust in Je- sus,

shield thee from all harm, Trust in Je - sus, trust in
He will shield thee from all harm, Trust in Je- sus,

Je - sus, Trust in his al-might - y arm, Trust in
trust in Je- sus, Trust in his al - might - y arm,

Je - sus, trust in Je - sus, He will shield thee from all harm.
Trust in Je-sus, trust in Je-sus, He will shield thee from all harm.

No. 111. THE GOLDEN GATE.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Frank M. Davis.

1. Wea- ry watchers for the morning, Watching as the hours go by,
2. Tho' the flow'rs that we have planted, All shall fade and wilt and die;
3. We shall hear the harps glad music, Pour-ing forth in sym- pho- ny;

Soon shall come the glo-rious dawning; Cloud and mist a- way shall fly.
Tho' the storm their pet- als scatter And a- long the ground they lie;
Lis - ten to the strains an- gel- ie, Close be-side the crys- tal sea;

To the heart o'erwhelmed with sorrow, Love's swift wheels shall ne'er be late;
When the morn-ing dawns in splendor, We with bliss and joy e - late,
We shall see the robes of loved ones, Shin-ing as in heav'n they wait;

All shall be pure joy to- morrow, When swings back the golden gate.
Shall the flow'rs of E - den gather, When swings back the golden gate.
All the ills of life for- got-ten, When swings back the golden gate.

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THE GOLDEN GATE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Gold-en gate, the gold-en gate! When swings back the gold-en
Golden gate, the gold-en gate! When swings back the golden,

gate! All shall be pure joy to-morrow, When swings back the golden gate.
golden gate!

No. 112. JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

GRANT. Dr. A. B. EVERETT, by per.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, I my cross have tak- en, All to leave and fol- low thee:
{ Na- ked, poor despised, forsak- en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.

D.C.—Yet how rich is my con- di- tion, God and heav'n are still my own!

D.C.

Per - ish, ev-'ry fond am-bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known:

2 Let the world despise and leave me:
They have left my Saviour too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure:
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
In thy service pain is pleasure—
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father,—
I have set my heart on thee,
Storms may howl, and clouds may gath-[er
All must work for good to me.

No. 113. WITH JOYFUL HEARTS.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. With joy - ful hearts we sing his praise, Whose wondrous name is love.
2. His mer- cies crown each pass-ing day; No e - vil can be - fall
3. With grate- ful love we now come near, To mag- ni - fy his name;

Our tune-ful trib- ute now we raise; We lift our thoughts a- bove.
His hap - py chil- dren who o - bey, And crown him Lord of all.
He waits to bless, he bends to hear; Ring out the glad re - frain!

CHORUS.

With joy - ful hearts, with gladsome song, We hail our Lord and King;

Our hearts, our lives, to him be- long; He loves the praise we bring.

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No. 114. HOME OF OUR FATHER'S LOVE.

Mrs. T. M. Griffin. W. E. Penn.

1. Just o - ver the riv - er are pal - a - ces grand, And man-sions so love - ly and fair; They're fashioned and made by our
2. Tho' storm-clouds and tem - pests a - while must a - bide, And tri - als and cross - es must come; The mansions are read - y, the
3. A few wea - ry jour - neys, a few bus - y days, 'Mid tears and temp- ta - tions and pray'r; Our pray'rs will be turned to ho-
4. For - ev - er we'll dwell in those man- sions on high, And back in the glo - ry of God; Re- mem-b'ring this life as a

Sav- iour's own hand; And he is a wait - ing us there.
por - tals are wide, And Je - sus is beck- 'ning us home.
san - nas of praise, As Je - sus shall wel - come us there.
short, brok-en sigh, For - get - ting the thorns we have trod.

Chorus.

Home, home, beau- ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove;
Home, sweet home, beau-ti - ful home,

Home, home, won-der - ful home, Home of our Fa - ther's love.
Home, sweet home, won-der - ful home.

By per. W. E. Penn.

No. 115. IN THE SWEET BY AND BY.

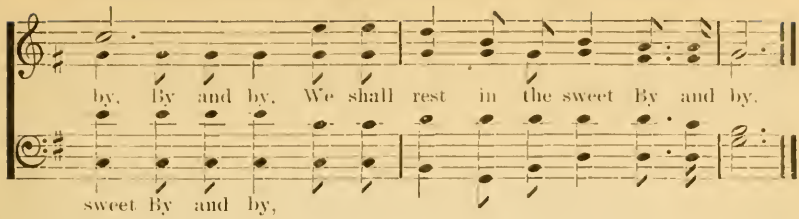
E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. KURZENKNABE, by per.

1. By and by all this weep-ing and this sor-row, Will be drown'd in a glo-rious to-mor-row, That will dawn when this earth-life shall cease, (shall cease,) And will fill ev-'ry heart with its peace.
2. By and by all this en-vy and this er-ror. All the dark-ness of death and its ter-ror, Will be swept in the grave to its doom, (its doom,) When his glo-ry our souls shall il-lume.
3. By and by all our an-guish and our cry-ing, With this wea-ri-some heart-ache and sigh-ing. All shall cease for no tear-moistened eye, (dim eye,) Will be known in the sweet By and by.

CHORUS.

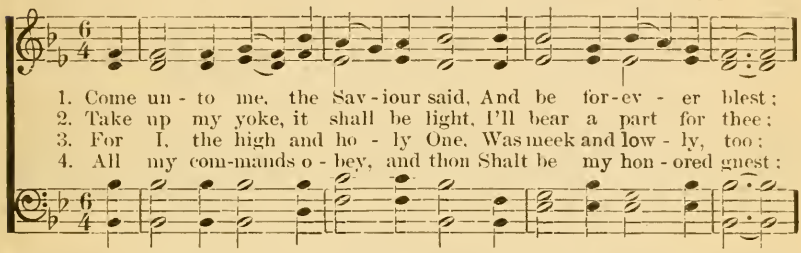
In the sweet By and by, By and by, We shall rest in the sweet, In the sweet By and by, In the sweet By and By and by, In the sweet By and by, By and by, In the

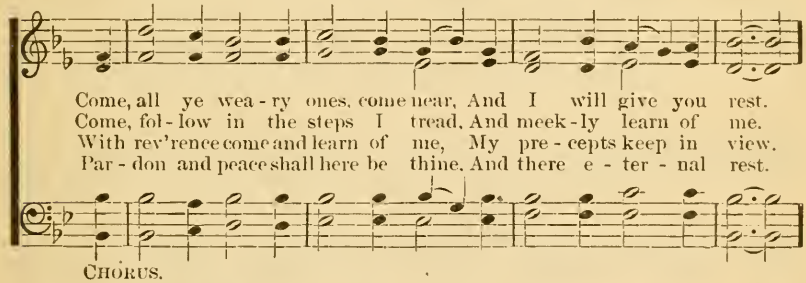
IN THE SWEET BY AND BY. Concluded.



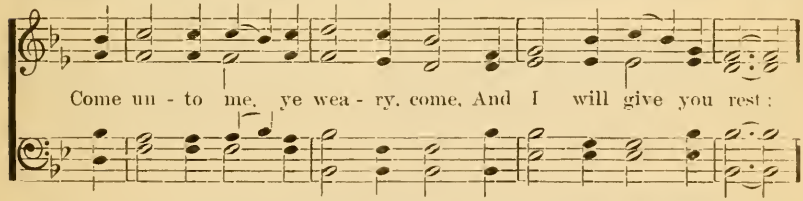
No. 116. COME UNTO ME, THE SAVIOUR SAID.

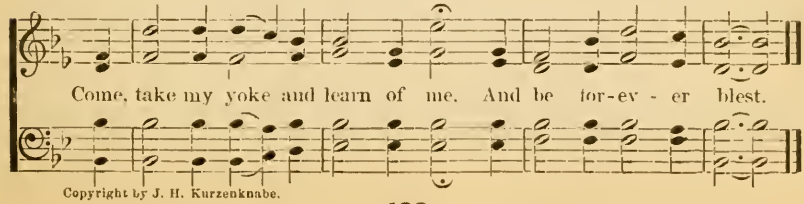
LIZZIE ASHBACH. HARRY J. KURZENKNABE, by per.





CHORUS.





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No. 117. THE WONDERFUL SAVIOUR.

E. A. Hoffman. R. M. McIntosh, by per.

1. How kind is the heart of the Sav-iour! How full of the tender- est love!
2. I stum-ble sometimes in my weakness, And oft-en my Saviour I grieve,

How roy - al and gracious his fav - or! What blessings he sends from above!
But Je- sus in pit - y and meekness, Stands read-y my sins to for-give.

He patient- ly followed and lov'd me While yet in the pathway of sin,
O won-der- ful, wonderful Sav-iour! O mer - cy so rich and so free!

And by his compassion he mov'd me, A heav-en - ly life to be - gin.
But grant me the smile of thy fav-or, And earth will be heaven to me.

Chorus.

Dear Sav - iour, dear Sav - iour, A bless- ing I crave now of thee;

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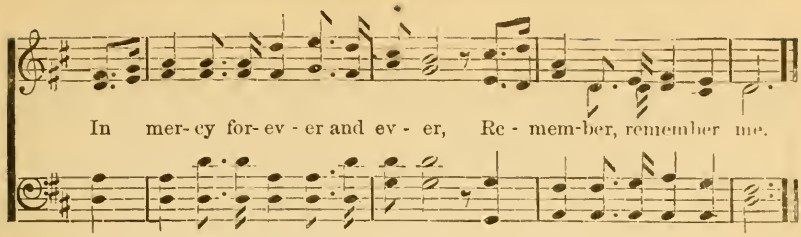
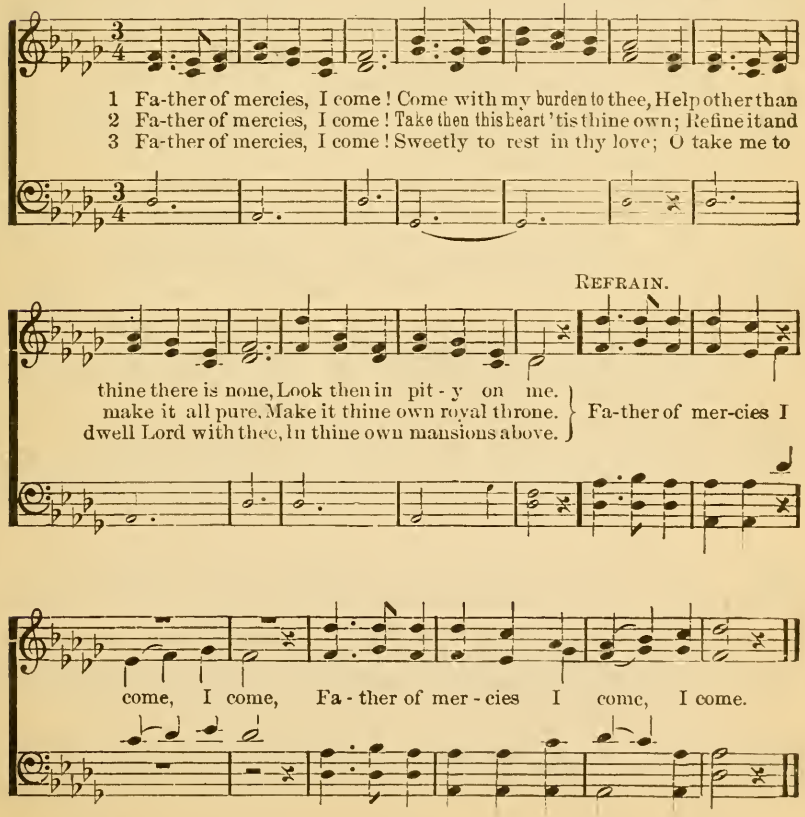
THE WONDERFUL SAVIOUR. Concluded.



No. 118. FATHER OF MERCIES.

F. M. D. DUET AND CHORUS. FRANK M. DAVIS.



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No. 119. LOOK AWAY TO JESUS.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. A. BEIRLY, by per.

Spirited.

1. Is thy heart de - filed with - in, Is thy guilt ap - pall - ing?
2. In the hour of pain and fear, When thy foes o'er-take thee,
3. In the sun-shine and the night, In thy joy or sad - ness,
4. All our sins he bore a - lone, But, when we be - lieve it,

Look a - way from self and sin, Hear thy Sav-iour call - ing.
Look to Je - sus, he is near, He will not for - sake thee.
Look to Je - sus Christ the light, He will bring thee glad - ness.
He will share his peace un-known, If we will re - ceive it.

'Tis the voice of love and might, Ten - der- ly ap - peal - ing,
Earth- ly help- ers faint and fail, Je - sus fail - eth nev - er,
From thy bur - den turn thy face, He can well sus - tain thee,
Turn from joys of world- ly birth, Fit - ful - ly al - lur - ing,

"Find in me thy life and light, I will bring thee heal - ing."
In his name shalt thou pre - vail, Trust in him for - ev - er.
In thy glad- ness, seek his grace, Let his love con- strain thee.
Look to things of high - er worth, Ev - er-more en - dur - ing.

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No. 120. ENTER IN.

M. E. O. MARIAN E. OGDEN.

1. Hear ye not the voice of Je - sus, Plead-ing sin- ner, now with thee?
2. Why then lon-ger on the high-way Tar - ry, 'mid thy cares and fears?
3. There no hope thy heart can en - ter, There a- bid - eth on - ly sin.
4. Je - sus calls thee, calls so kind-ly, Will you long- er stay a- way.

Ev - er call-ing, thro' the darkness, Call-ing O, so pa-tient- ly.
There no lov-ing heart can shield thee, There no hand can stay thy tears.
There thy wea-ry feet will fal - ter, There no joys can en - ter in.
In his arms he will en - fold thee, Wait not till a - noth- er day.

CHORUS.

Go to Je - sus with thy sin, Go, and he will make thee clean,

He is will-ing, he is a - ble, And he pleadeth, "En- ter in."

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No. 121. THE SWEETEST SONG.

W. H. LUCKENBACH. J. H. KURZENKNABE, by per.

Soprano Solo.

1. No sweet- er song is heard on earth, Than song that
2. As near his throne, with fold - ed wing, The an - gels
3. There are no sym - - pho- nies that thrill, That with the
4. In this sad world of sin and grief, Of our few
5. Till life shall end, we'll sing this song, Then when we

tells of Je - sus' birth, The man-ger and the rug - ged
sweep their harps and sing, Their choicest theme is what God's
pur - est pleas-ure fill, Our listen-ing souls like the low
joys it is the chief, To sing of him whose dy- ing
greet the an - gel throng, The first strain from our harps shall

CHORUS.

tree On which he died for you and me.
Son, For guilt- y you and me hath done.
strain, Breathed soft-ly of the lamb once slain. The Cru - ci -
love Se-cured for us a home a - bove.
be, That Je - sus died for you and me.

Rit.

fied! The cru - ci - fied! His crown of thorns, His bleed-ing side,

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THE SWEETEST SONG. Concluded.

Andante. *accel.*

His pierced hands, His wounded feet, We'll ev- er sing in measures sweet.

No. 122. JESUS WILL LET YOU IN.

A. S K. A. S. KIEFFER, by per.

1. { Come to the Fa - ther's house, Come ere the day be gone; }
   { Tem- pests are gath- 'ring fast, Dark - ness is com - ing on. }

2. { Look at the wea - ry way, Look where thy feet have trod, }
   { Find - ing no rest nor peace, Wan-d'ring a- way from God. }

3. { Haste from the fields of sin, Fly for thy life to - day; }
   { Come to our Fa - ther's house; En - ter the nar - row way: }

CHORUS.

Fly, for the tempest is com-ing, Sweeping the fields of sin;

Knock at the por-tals of mer- cy, Je- sus will let you in.

No. 123. THERE IS A LAND IMMORTAL.

THOMAS MACKELLAR. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. There is a land im-mor-tal, The beau-ti-ful of lands;
2. That glo-rious land is Heav-en, And Death the sen-try grim
3. Tho' dark and drear the pas-sage That lead-eth to the gate,
4. Their sighs are lost in sing-ing; They're bless-ed in their tears;

Be-side its an-cient por-tal A sen-try grim-ly stands.
The Lord there-of has giv-en The open-ing keys to him;
Yet grace at-tends the mes-sage To souls that watch and wait;
Their jour-ney heav'n-ward winging, They leave on earth their fears.

He on-ly can un-do it, And o-pen wide the door;
And ran-som'd spir-its, sigh-ing And sor-row-ful for sin,
And at the time ap-point-ed A mes-sen-ger comes down,
Death like an an-gel seem-ing, "We wel-come thee!" they cry:

And mor-tals who pass thro' it Are mor-tals nev-er-more;
Pass thro' the gate in dy-ing, And free-ly en-ter in,
And guides the Lord's a-noint-ed From cross to glo-ry's crown,
Their face with glo-ry gleam-ing, 'Tis life for them to die,

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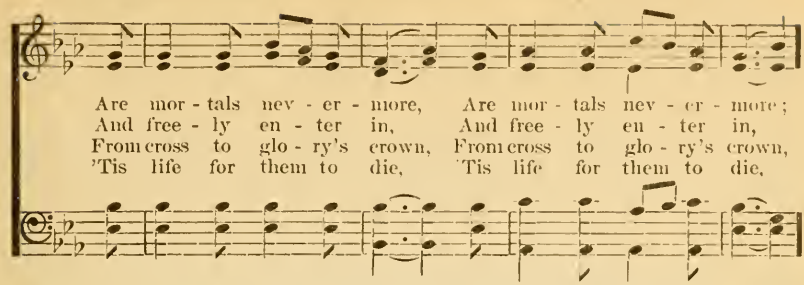
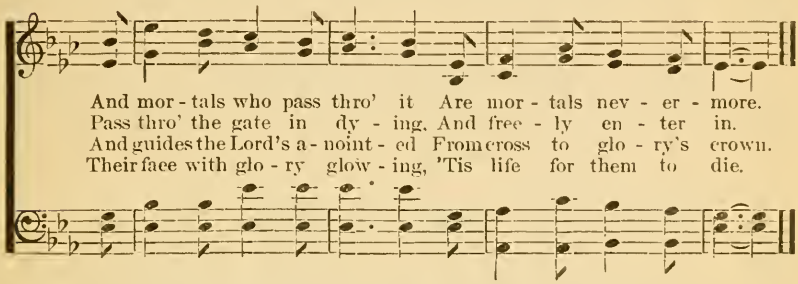
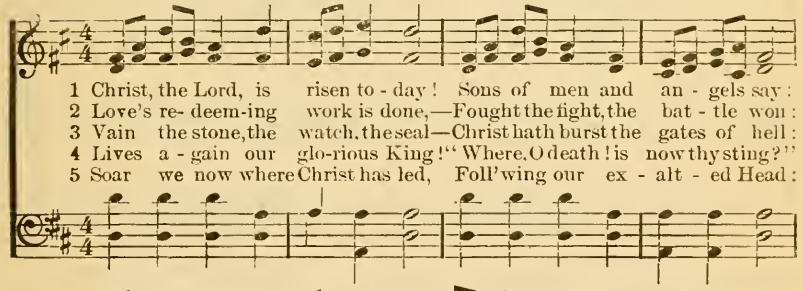
THERE IS A LAND IMMORTAL. Concluded.

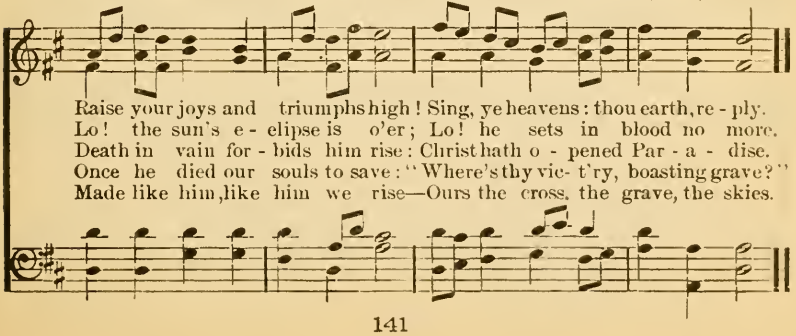




No. 124. LEBANON. 7s

Dr. A. B. Everett, by per.





No. 125. I Lean on His Wonderful Might.

LAURA E. NEWELL. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. The mer - ci - ful Lord is my Shep - herd, The Rod and the
2. If friends that I love pass be - yond me, To dwell in his
3. Ere long will his mes - sen - ger call me; I feel that the

Staff of my soul; He ev - er is near to pro - tect me, And
beau - ti - ful home, Where sick-ness and death nev - er en - ter, And
twi - light is near; And yet 'tis with glad-ness I hail it, My

guide t'ward the heav - en - ly goal. My hand he is hold - ing se-
no one in sor - row may roam, His hand dries my tears, and I
soul knows no ter - ror or fear; For just past the val - ley of

cure - ly; I'm walk-ing by faith, not by sight; If sun-light or
trust him, Who ev - er doth guide me a - right. His love, all sus -
shad - ow, There gleameth the cit - y of light. O there would I

shad - ow pre - vail - eth, I lean on his won - der - ful might.
tain - ing, up-holds me; I lean on his won - der - ful might.
praise him for - ev - er. And lean on his won - der - ful might.

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I Lean on His Wonderful Might. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I lean on his wonder-ful might, I'm walking by faith, not by sight;

My hand he is hold-ing se-cure-ly, I lean on his won-der-ful might.

No. 126. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

With feeling and earnestness.

1. Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now;
2. He will save you, he will save you, He will save you just now;
3. Don't re-ject him, don't re-ject him, Don't re-ject him just now;

Just now come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.
Just now he will save you, He will save you just now.
Just now don't re-ject him, Don't re-ject him just now.

4 He is ready, he is ready,
He is ready just now;
Just now he is ready, &c.

5 Oh, believe him, oh, believe him,
Oh, believe him just now;
Just now oh, believe him, &c.

6 Do not tarry, do not tarry,
Do not tarry just now;
Just now do not tarry, &c.

7 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen:
Amen, hallelujah, &c.

No. 127. RAISE ALOFT THE STANDARD.

LAURA E. NEWELL. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Raise a- loft the stand-ard, Let the col - ors fly; See our loy - al
2. Raise a- loft the stand-ard, Be its folds unfurled; Tell to ev - 'ry
3. Raise a- loft the ban - ner, In the ranks stand fast; Soldiers true and

ar - my Proud - ly mov - ing by; Je - sus, is the Cap - tain,
peo - ple, God doth rule the world; Her - ald his sal - va - tion,
val - iant, Fight un - til, the last; Bat - tle brave and loy - al,

Of our might-y, band, Sound the song of tri - umph, O - ver sea and land.
Now from shore to shore, Till each land and na - tion, Shall our God a- dore.
Ev - er as you go, Tifl you reach his pas- ture. Where still waters flow.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry in the high - est, Je - sus leads the way; Glo - ry in the

high - est, Com - eth no dis - may; Raise a - loft the stan-dard,

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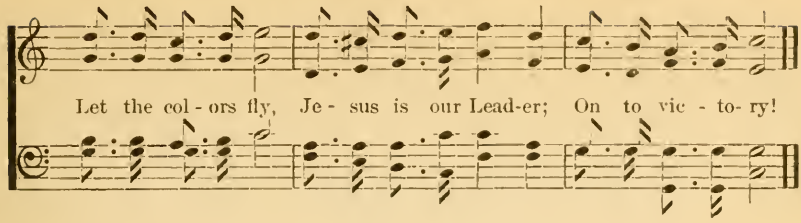
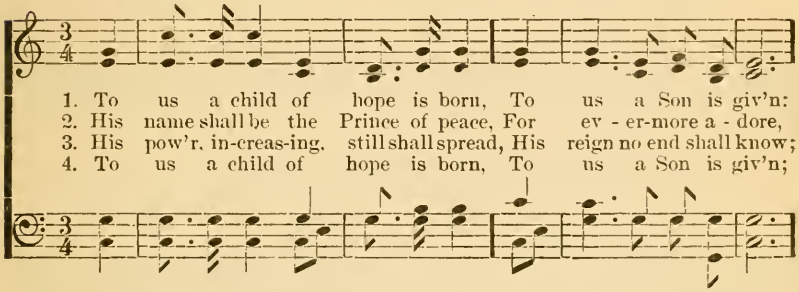
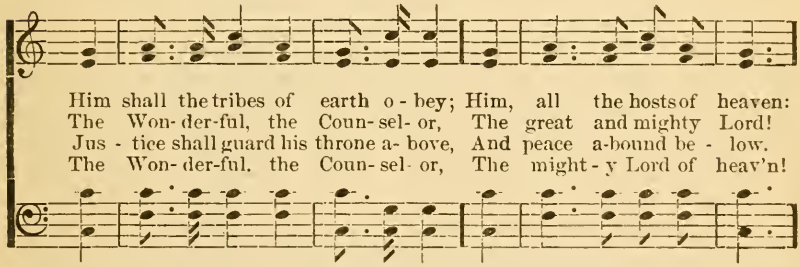
RAISE ALOFT THE STANDARD. Concluded.

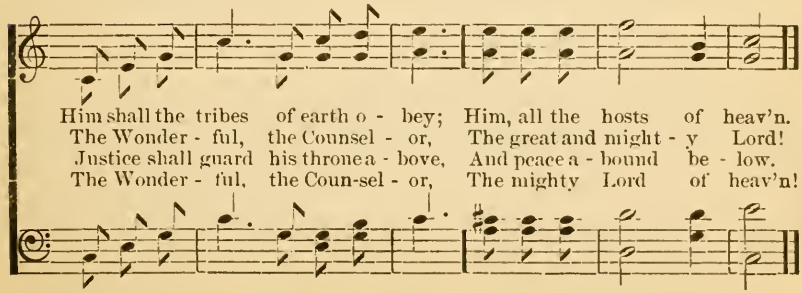


No. 128. ZERAH. C. M.

JOHN MORRISON. LOWELL MASON.







No. 129. IT WILL NEVER GROW OLD.

W. W. Baily. I. N. McHose, by per.

1. O have you not heard of that coun-try a-bove, The name of its
2. That won-der-ful land has a cit-y of life Ne'er darken'd with
3. A man-sion of won-der-ful beau-ty is there, And Je-sus that
4. They tell me its friend-ships and love are so pure, Its joys nev-er

King, and his in-fi-nite love? His chil-dren are death-less and
an-guish, nor dy-ing, nor strife? Its tem-ples and streets all are
man-sion has gone to pre-pare; Its bright jas-per walls how I
die, and its trea-sures are sure; And loved ones, de-part-ed, so

hap-py, I'm told; Oh! will it a-bide, will it nev-er grow old?
flash-ing with gold, Oh! can it be true, it will nev-er grow old?
long to be-hold, And join in the song that will nev-er grow old.
si-lent and cold, Will greet us a-gain where we'll nev-er grow old.

Chorus.

'Twill always be new, it will nev-er de-cay; No night ev-er comes, it will

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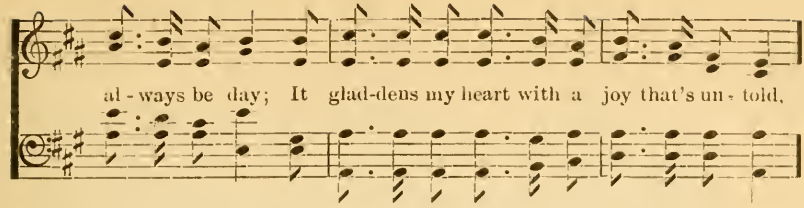
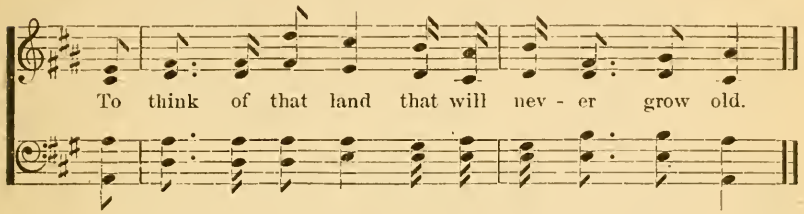
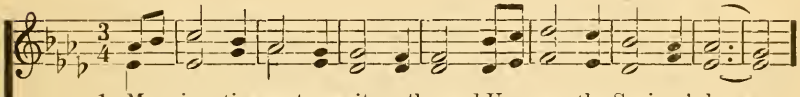
IT WILL NEVER GROW OLD. Concluded

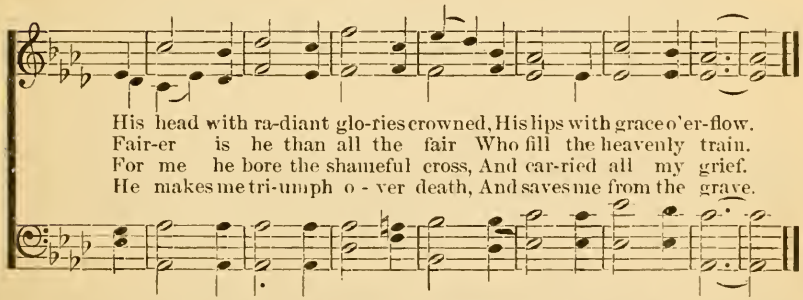




No. 130. MANOAH. C. M.

S. STENNETT. GREATOREX.





5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 131. WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. { O how dear are the friendships that bind lov- ing hearts, And to
Yet we cher - ish the hope, as we whis - per "farewell," We shall

2. { Here our hearts oft are lone and our lives oft are sad, For the
But in heav - en af - fec - tion will ev - er en-dure, And God's

3. { Earth has bur - dens and tri - als, af - flic-tions and cares, Earth has
But in beau - ti -ful heav'n, with its free - dom from sin, We shall

D. C.—In yon cit - y of light, robed in gar-ments of white, We shall

FINE.

part gives us sor - row and pain! } So when dear ones go out from the
meet one a- noth - er a - gain;

pur - est of friendships may wane; } No more sad weep-ing eyes, no more
friend-ship will ev - er re - main;

wear - i- ness, sick-ness and pain; } So when bidding, "farewell" to the
nev - er know sor- row a - gain;

meet one a-noth - er a - gain.

homes of this earth, And the ties of af - fec- tion are riv'n, (sundered and riv'n,)
wear - i-some sighs, No "farewells" on yon ev - ergreen plain; (bright and vernal,)
friends that we love Who as - cend with the Sav- iour to reign, (up in heav- en,)

There is joy com- plete in the pros - pect sweet Of a
Freed from all dis - tress, there in hap - pi - ness We shall
Whis - per hope and love: "In the home a - bove We shall

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WE SHALL MEET AGAIN. Concluded.

CHORUS.

bless - ed re - un - ion in heav'n. } We shall meet, we shall
meet one a - noth - er a - gain. }
meet one a - noth - er a - gain." } hope so sweet!

D. C.

meet, On the bright e - ter - nal plain;
hope so sweet! and fair e - ter - nal plain;

No. 132. AZMON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Nor to de- fend his cause;
2. Je - sus, my Lord, I know his name, His name is all my trust;
3. Firm as his throne his promise stands, And he can well se - cure
4. Then will he own my worthless name Be - fore his Fa - ther's face,

Main-tain the hon - ors of his word, The glo - ry of his cross.
Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
What I've com - mit - ted to his hands, Till the de - ci - sive hour.
And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem Ap - point for me a place.

No. 133. The Lessons are all about Jesus our Lord.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. The les-sons are all a-bout Je-sus, our Lord, The Sav-iour who came from a-bove; Of his won-der-ful birth, and his life on the earth; Of his good-ness and mer-cy and love.
2. The les-sons are all a-bout Je-sus, our Lord, The lit-tle one's Sav-iour and friend; For he calls us to come to his heav-en-ly home; He will love us, and keep to the end.
3. The les-sons are all a-bout Je-sus, our Lord, O beau-ti-ful sto-ry of old; Let us hear and o-bey till the shep-herd shall say, "En-ter in-to my heav-en-ly fold."

CHORUS.

The les-sons are all a-bout, Je-sus our Lord; The life, and the truth, and the way; All the poor and dis-tressed, he both

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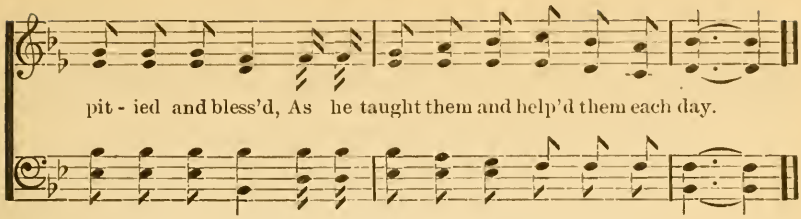

No. 134. BETHANY.

Mrs. S. F. Adams. Lowell Mason, by per.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me! Still all my song shall be,
2. Though like the wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark- ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet, in my dreams I'd be
3. There let the way ap- pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou send - est me, In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho't's Bright with thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got, Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be,

Near- er, my God, to thee! Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!

No. 135. SAVIOUR GUIDE ME.

R. M. M. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Guide me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, Guide me o'er "life's troubled sea;
2. Guard me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, Guard and guide me ev-'ry day;
3. Save me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, Save me from temptation's pow'r;
4. When the work of life is end-ed, All thou hast on earth for me,

Sor-row's waves shall not o'erwhelm me" While I put my trust in thee.
Keep me safe from sin and sor - row; Guard and guide me all the way.
When the pains of death are on me, Sav-iour, save me in that hour.
Take me, O my bless-ed Sav - iour, Take me home to dwell with thee.

REFRAIN.

Guide me, my Sav - iour, Guide me day by day;
Guide me, O my Sav-iour, Guide me, O my Saviour.

When the storms of life sweep o'er me, Sav-iour, guide me then, I pray.

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No. 136. Who is This that Comes from Edom.

Words arr. by R. M. M. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Who is this that comes from E-dom, All his raiment stained with blood,
2. Why that blood his rai-ment staining? 'Tis the blood of ma-ny slain;
3. Might-y Vic-tor, reign for-ev-er; Wear the crown so dear-ly won;

To the cap-tive speak-ing free-dom, Bringing and be-stow-ing good?
Of his foes there's none re-main-ing Now the con-test to main-tain
Nev-er shall thy peo-ple, nev-er, Cease to sing what thou hast done.

REFRAIN.

'Tis the Sav-iour, now vic-torious! 'Tis the Sav-iour, now vic-to-rious!

Traveling on-ward, on-ward in his might; 'Tis the Sav-iour;

O how glo-rious, To his peo-ple, is the sight!

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No. 137. O Think of His Wonderful Love.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Oh! think of his won - der - ful love, my soul, The bound-less af - fec - tion for thee, That brought him to earth from a- bove, my soul, To make thee e - ter - nal - ly free.
2. Oh! think of his prom - is - es sweet, my soul, His prom - is - es cer - tain and sure, And grate-ful - ly bow at his feet, my soul, Whose love is so warm and so pure.
3. Oh! hear what he ten - der - ly saith, my soul, "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee," And fol - low him ful - ly in faith, my soul, His grace is thy hope and thy plea
4. Oh! think of his won - der - ful deeds, my soul, While walk - ing and talk - ing with men; The Lord will sup - ply all thy needs, my soul, Oh! praise him for - ev - er. A - men!

REFRAIN.

A - dore him with wor - ship and praise, my soul, For

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O Think of His Wonderful Love. Condluded.

all of his good-ness to thee; 'Twas he that redeemed thee and

made thee whole, And set thee e - ter - nal - ly free.

No. 138. ASHVILLE. C. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett, by per.

1 I know that my Re- deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me:
2 I find him lift - ing up my head, He brings sal - va - tion near:
3 He wills that I should ho - ly be! What can withstand his will?
4 Je - sus, I hang up - on thy word; I stead-fast - ly be - lieve

A to - ken of his love he gives, A pledge of li - ber - ty.
His pres-ence makes me free in - deed, And he will soon ap - pear.
The coun-sel of his grace in me He sure-ly shall ful - fil.
Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to thy - self re - ceive.

No. 139. PLEADING WITH THEE.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. There is a voice of the ten- der- est love Plead- ing with thee,
2. Long he has stood at the door of thy heart, Wait- ing on thee,
3. Do you not hear him as gent- ly he pleads, Call- ing to thee,
4. Oh! how he yearns o'er thy sin- burdened heart, Whisp'ring to thee,

plead- ing with thee; It is the voice of the Lord from a- bove,
wait - ing on thee; Read - y his grace and his peace to im- part,
call - ing to thee? See with what fer - vor the Lord in - tercedes,
whisp'ring to thee; Earn- est - ly longs his sweet love to im- part,

CHORUS.

Say-ing, "Oh! come unto me." "Come un- to me, ...
Come un- to me,

come un - to me," . . . . . Je - sus is ten- der - ly
come un - to me,

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PLEADING WITH THEE. Concluded.

call-ing to thee. "Come un-to me, ... come un-to
Come un-to me,

me," . . . . Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to thee.
come un-to me,

No. 140. KAVANAUGH. L. M.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1 Come, sin-ner, to the gos-pel feast; Let ev-'ry soul be Je-sus' guest:
2 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye rest-less wand'rers aft-er rest,
3 See him set forth be-fore your eyes, That precious, bleeding sac-ri-fice!

Ye need not one be left be-hind. For God hath bid-den all mankind.
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a heart-y wel-come find.
His offered ben-e-fits em-brace, And free-ly now be saved by grace!

No. 141. STEADILY MARCHING ON.

FANNY J. CROSBY. H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Praise ye the Lord! joy-ful-ly shout ho - san - na! Praise the Lord with glad ac - claim; Lift up your hearts un - to his throne with gladness,— Mag - ni - fy his ho - ly name. March-ing a - long un - der his ban - ner bright, Trusting in his mer - cy as we go, (trusting we go,)

2. Praise ye the Lord! he is the King e - ter - nal; Glo - ry be to God on high! Praise ye the Lord, tell of his lov - ing kindness,— Join the cho - rus of the sky. Still marching on, cheer-i - ly march-ing on, In the ranks of Je - sus we will go, (ev - er we'll go,)

Copyright, 1881, by H. R. Palmer.

STEADILY MARCHING ON. Concluded.

His light divine tender-ly o'er us will shine; We shall be guid-ed by his
Home to our rest, joyfully home, where the blest Gather and praise the Saviour's

CHORUS.

hand now and for - ev - er.
name, praise him for - ev - er.

Stead-i - ly marching on, with our

ban - ner wav-ing o'er us, Stead - i - ly marching on. while we

sing the joy - ful cho - rus; Stead-i - ly marching on, pil - lar and

cloud go-ing be-fore us, To the realms of glo - ry, to our home on high.

No. 142. CHURCH RALLYING SONG.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. A - wake! a - wake! the Mas - ter now is call - ing us, A -
2. A cry for light from dy - ing ones in heath- en lands: It
3. O church of God, ex- tend thy kind ma - ter - nal arms To
4. Look up! look up! the prom- ised day is draw - ing near, When

rise! a - rise! and, trust-ing in his word, Go forth, go forth, pro-
comes, it comes. a - cross the o-cean's foam; Then haste, oh, haste to
save the lost on mountains dark and cold, Reach out thy hand with
all shall hail, shall hail the Sav-iour King, When peace and joy shall

claim the year of jn - bi - lee, And take the cross, the
spread the words of truth a - broad, For - get - ting not the
lov - ing smile to res - cue them. And bring them to the
fold their wings in ev - 'ry clime, And "Glo - ry, hal - le-

CHORUS.

bless - ed cross, of Christ our Lord. On, on, swell the
starv - ing poor at home, dear home.
shel - ter of the Sav - iour's fold.
lu - jah," o'er the earth shall ring. On, on, on,

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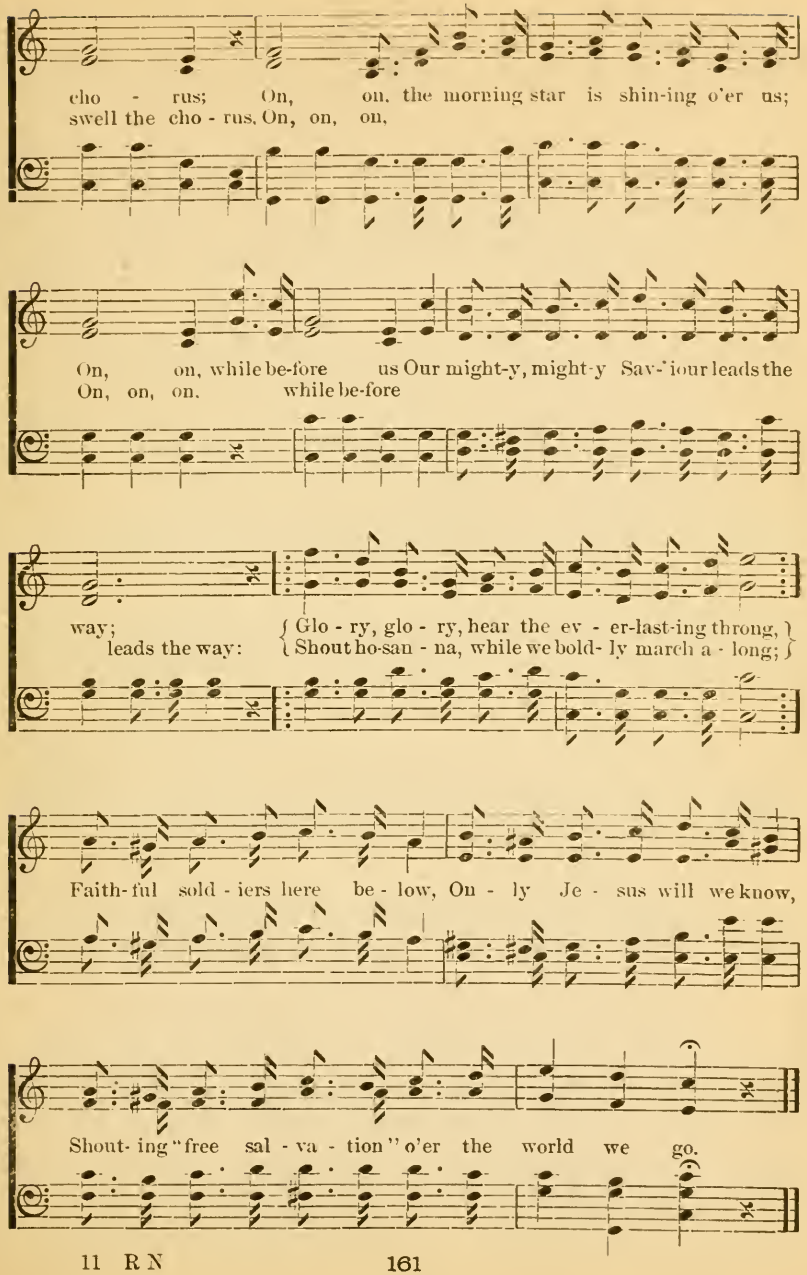
CHURCH RALLYING SONG. Concluded.



No. 143. THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Be-hold a stranger at the door, He gent-ly knocks—has knock'd before,
2. O love- ly at - ti- tude,—he stands With melting heart and open hands;
3. But will he prove a friend, indeed? He will,—the ver - y friend you need;

Has wait- ed long, is wait- ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O match-less kind-ness, and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
The friend of sin - ners? Yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin; Oh, come in, from sin;

keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in. come in.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at his door rejected stand.

No. 144. THE SAVIOUR IS MY ALL IN ALL.

P. B. P. BILHORN.

1. The Sav - iour is my all in all, He is my con-stant theme!
2. His promise gives sweet peace within, And bids all care de - part?
3. And what - so - ev - er I may ask, To glo - ri - fy his name,
4. Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, rejoice, Give thanks un-to thy God!

rit.

By fully trust- ing in his word He keeps me pure and clean.
He fills my soul with righteousness, And pu - ri- fies the heart.
The Fa - ther free - ly gives to me, Since Christ the Saviour came.
Who took thee in thy sin- ful-ness, And cleansed thee by his blood!

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! Je - sus hath re-deemed me;

rit.

Glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! He washed my sins a - way, a - way!

Copyright, 1888, by P. Bilhorn.

No. 145. SEEK FOR THE WANDERERS.

C. W. R. C. W. RAY.

1. Ye friends of the bless - ed Re - deem - er, Go seek for the
2. O has - ten to those who in sor - row, May per - ish with
3. Go quick - ly the mo - ments are fly - ing, The fee - ble and

wand-'rers a - stray; Thro' des - erts or lanes of the cit - y,
hun - ger and cold, O haste and wait not for the mor - row,
fal - ter-ing bring; They soon may be starv - ing and dy - ing,

Wher-ev - er they wan-der a - way. Some soul may be wea - ry and
Go bring to the shel-ter - ing fold. O haste to the mountains so
Bring in to the feast of the King. A man-sion a - bove with the

lan-guish-ing, Be - wildered and suf - fer - ing there; Some soul may be
bleak and bare, A - midst the dark by-ways of sin; Go seek them with
glo - ri - fied, By Je - sus the King shall be giv'n; A seat with his

Copyright, 1892, by C. W. Ray.

SEEK FOR THE WANDERERS. Concluded.

thirst - y and fam - ish-ing; O has - ten and save from de - spair.
pa - tient and ten - der care; Go bring the poor wan-der - ers in.
faith - ful and lov - ing Bride, A wel-come for - ev - er in heav'n.

CHORUS.

Out in the wil - der - ness, pin - ing in lone - li - ness,

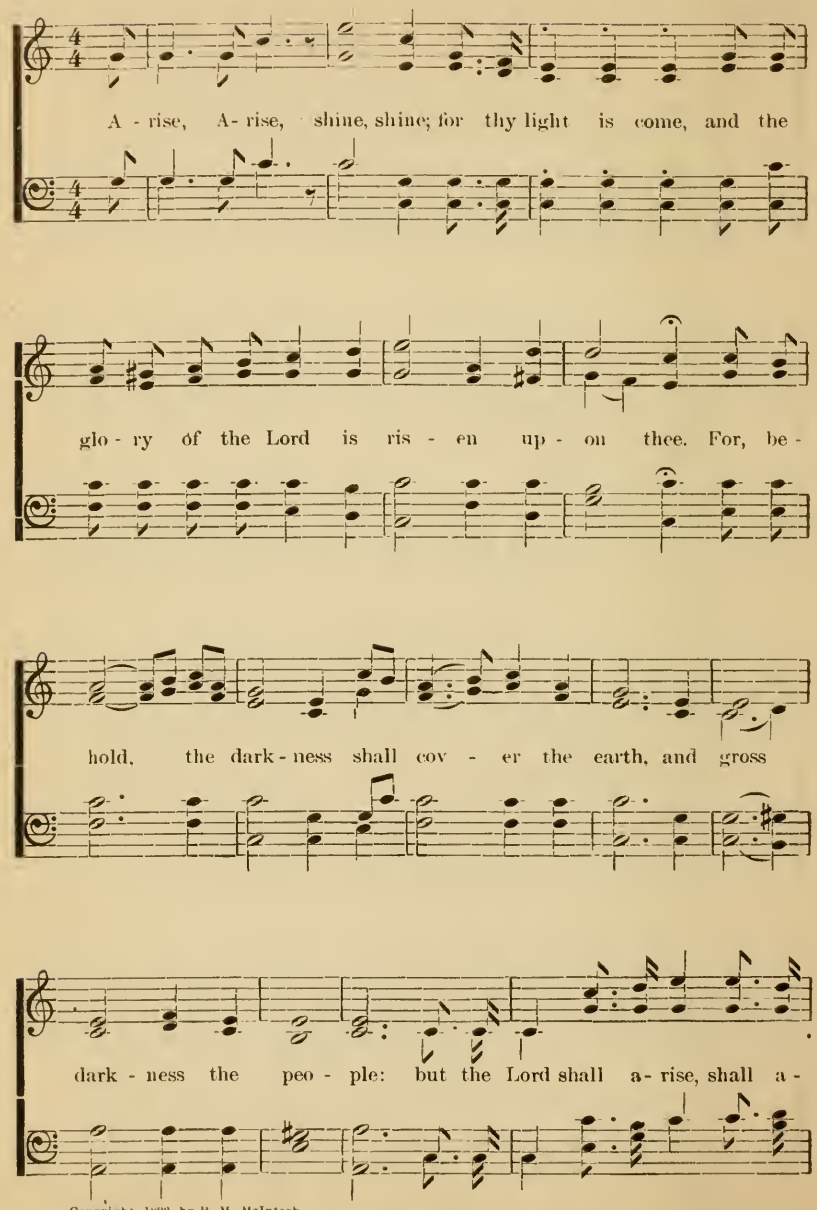
Thousands are wand'ring to - day: Wea - ri - ly wan - der-ing,

hope - less - ly per - ish - ing, Far from the King's high - way!

146. Anthem. Arise, Shine; for thy Light is come.

Isa. lx: i.

R. M. McIntosh.



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Arise, Shine; for thy Light is come. Continued.

rise up - on thee, and his glo - ry, his glo - ry, his

glo - ry shall be seen up - on thee, And the gen - tiles shall

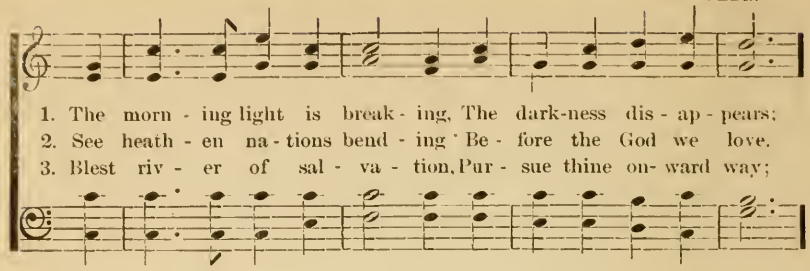
come to thy light, and kings to the brightness, brightness of thy ris - ing.

Lift up thine eyes, lift up thine eyes, lift up thine eyes round a -

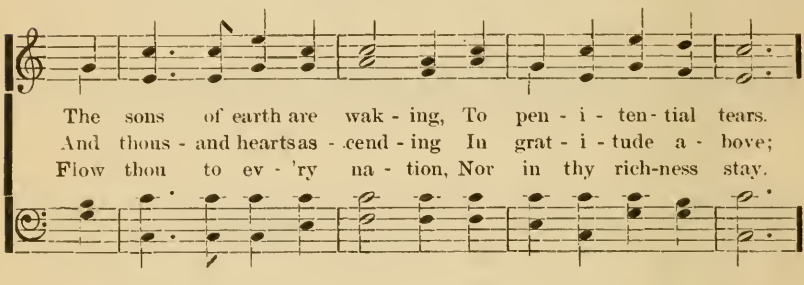
bout and see. Lift up thine eyes. Lift up thine eyes.

Arise, Shine; for thy Light is come. Concluded.

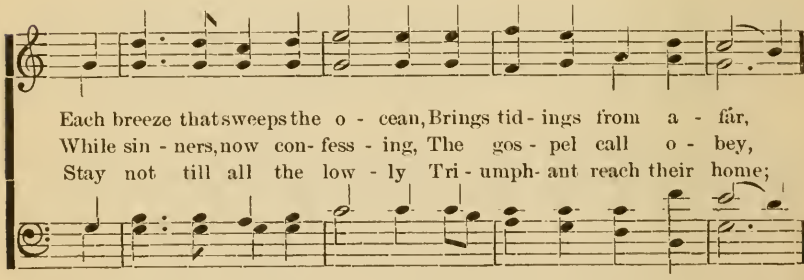
WEBB.



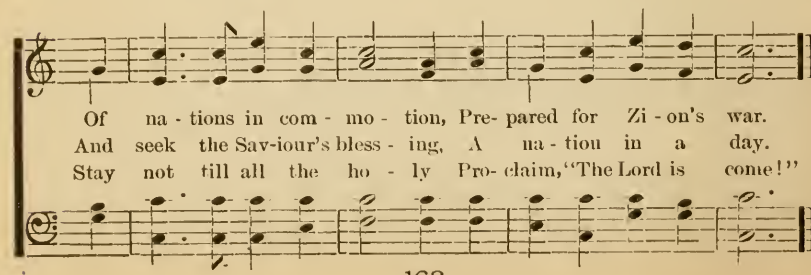
1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark-ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See heath - en na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love.
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on- ward way;



The sons of earth are wak - ing, To pen - i - ten- tial tears.
And thous - and hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich-ness stay.



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean, Brings tid - ings from a - far,
While sin - ners, now con- fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey,
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umph- ant reach their home;



Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre- pared for Zi - on's war.
And seek the Sav-iour's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro- claim, "The Lord is come!"

No. 147. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri- als and tempta- tions? Is there trou-ble a - ny-where?
3. Are we weak and heavy la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
We should nev-er be dis- cour- aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre-cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.

O, what peace we oft - en for - feit, O, what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for- sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness: Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol- ace there.

No. 148. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

1. Be- fore Je - ho-vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na- tions, bow with sa-cred joy;
2. His sov'r'ign pow'r, without our aid, Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
3. We are his peo- ple, we his care—Our souls, and all our mor- tal frame;
4. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
5. Wide as the world is thy command; Vast as e - ter - ni - ty thy love;

Know that the Lord is God a- lone; He can create and he can de - stroy.
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd, He brought us to his fold a- gain.
What lasting hon- ors shall we rear, Almight-y Mak-er, to thy name?
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall cease to move.

No. 149. TRURO. L. M.

CHARLES BURNEY.

1. With one con-sent let all the earth To God their cheerful voic- es raise;
2. Convinced that he is God a-lone, From whom both we and all proceed;
3. O en - ter, then, his tem-ple gate, Thence to his courts devout- ly press;
4. For he's the Lord supreme-ly good, His mer- cy is for - ev - er sure;

Glad homage pay, with aw - ful mirth, And sing be- fore him songs of praise:
We, whom he chooses for his own, The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
And still your grateful hymns re- peat, And still his name with praises bless.
His truth, which always firm-ly stood, To end-less a - ges shall en - dure.

No. 150. RETREAT. L. M.

H. Stowell. Thos. Hastings.

1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads—
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
4. Ah! whither could we flee for aid, When tempted, des - o- late, dismayed;
5. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense seem all no more:
6. O let my hand for- get her skill, My tongue be si - lent, cold and still,

ritard.

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mercy-seat.
A place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
Though sundered far, by faith they meet A- round one com-mon mer-cy-seat.
Or how the host of hell de- feat, Had suffer-ing souls no mer-cy- seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mer- cy-seat.
This bounding heart for-get to beat, Ere I for - get the mer- cy-seat.

No. 151. HOGE. L. M.

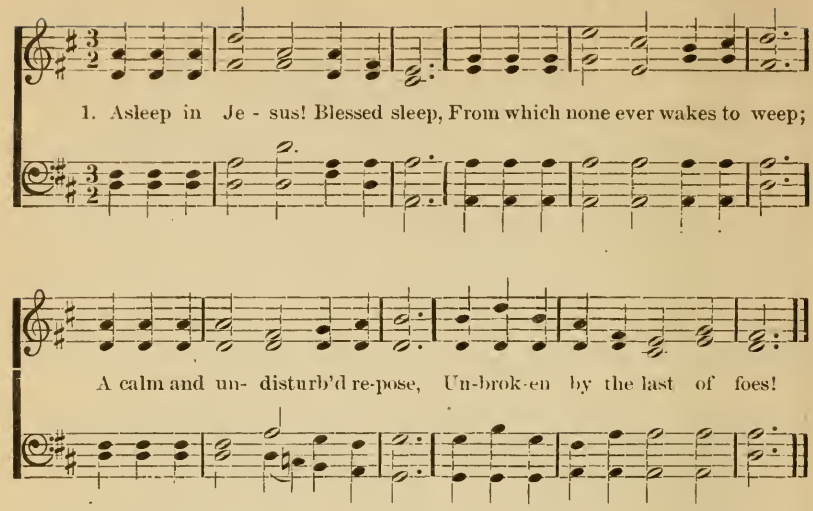
R. M. McIntosh, by per.

1. How vain is all be-neath the skies! How transient every earthly bliss!
2. The evening cloud, the morning dew, The with'ring grass, the fading flow'r,
3. But tho' earth's fairest blossoms die, And all beneath the skies is vain,
4. Then let the hope of joys to come Dis-pel our cares and chase our fears;

How slen-der all the fond-est ties That bind us to a world like this!
Of earth-ly hopes are emblems true—The glory of a pass - ing hour.
There is a bright- er world on high, Beyond the reach of care and pain.
If God be ours, we're trav'ling home, Tho' passing thro' a vale of tears.

No. 152. REST. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost its venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! Time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains, on Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

No. 153. L. M.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives—
What comfort this sweet sentence gives;
He lives, he lives, who once was dead!
He lives, my ever-living Head.

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to bless in time of need:

3 He lives, to grant me rich supply:
He lives, to guide me with his eye:
He lives, to comfort me when faint;
He lives, to hear my soul's complaint;

4 He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly Friend;
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King;

5 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same—
O the sweet joy this sentence gives:
I know that my Redeemer lives.

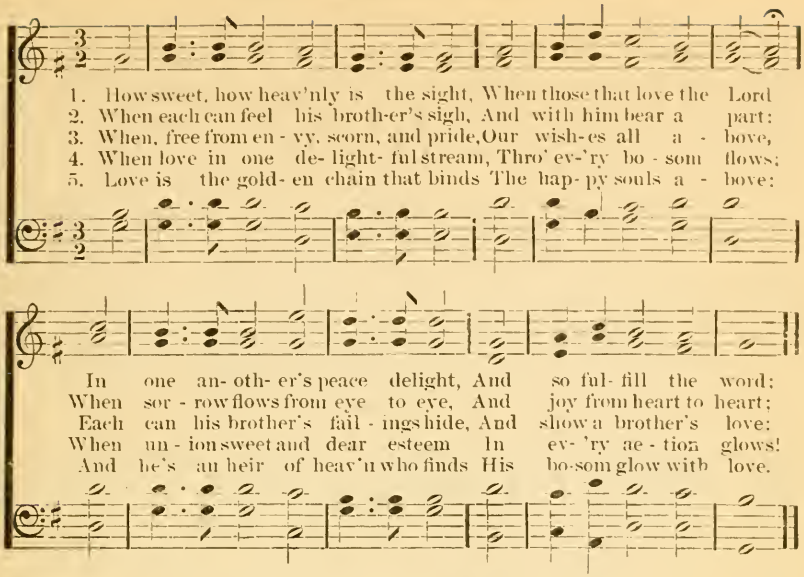
No. 154. L. M.

1 Come weary souls, with sin distress'd;
The Saviour offers heavenly rest;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a heavy load,
O come, and bow before your God.
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

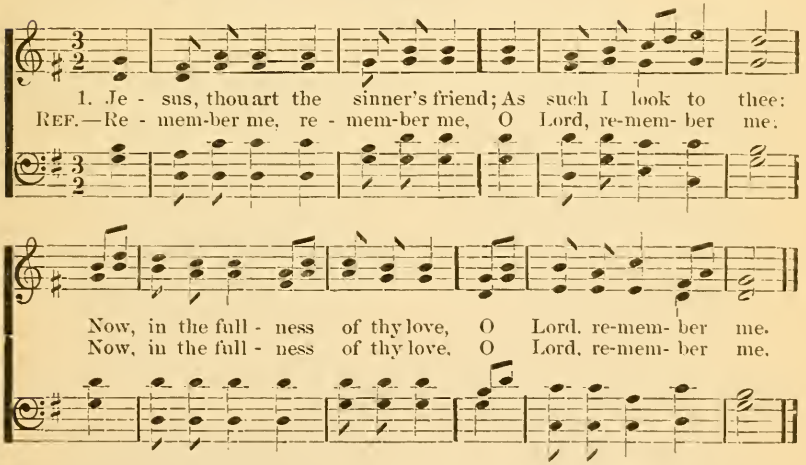
3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

No. 155. ARLINGTON. C. M.



No. 156. REMEMBER ME.

R. Burnham. Anon.



2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy promises,
And then remember me.—Ref.

3 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile;
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord, remember me.—Ref.

4 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer, Lord,
I pray, remember me.—Ref.

No. 157. HOME. C. M.

ELIZABETH MILLS. R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

FINE.

1. { O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come
{ When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home? }

2. { When, by af - flic - tion sharp - ly tried, I view the open-ing tomb,
{ Al-though I dread death's chilling tide, Yet still I sigh for home. }

D. C.—This world's a wil - der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
I long to quit th' unhallowed ground, And dwell with Christ at home.

D. C.

No tranquil joy on earth I know, No peace-ful, shelt'ring dome;
Wea - ry of wand'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom.

No. 158. C. M.

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Faiu would I sound it out so loud
That all the earth might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All that my ardent soul can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

No. 159. C. M.

1 Happy the home, when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
Where one their wish, aud one their prayer,
And oue their heavenly rest.

2 Happy the home, where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp his fame,
And parents hold him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord, let us in our homes agree
This blesséd peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
Aud love to all will reign.

No. 160. C. M.

1 Hosanna to our conquering King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

2 Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Through all the world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

No. 161. DUKE STREET. L. M.

1. When I sur-vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small:

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet? Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 162. HEBRON. L. M.

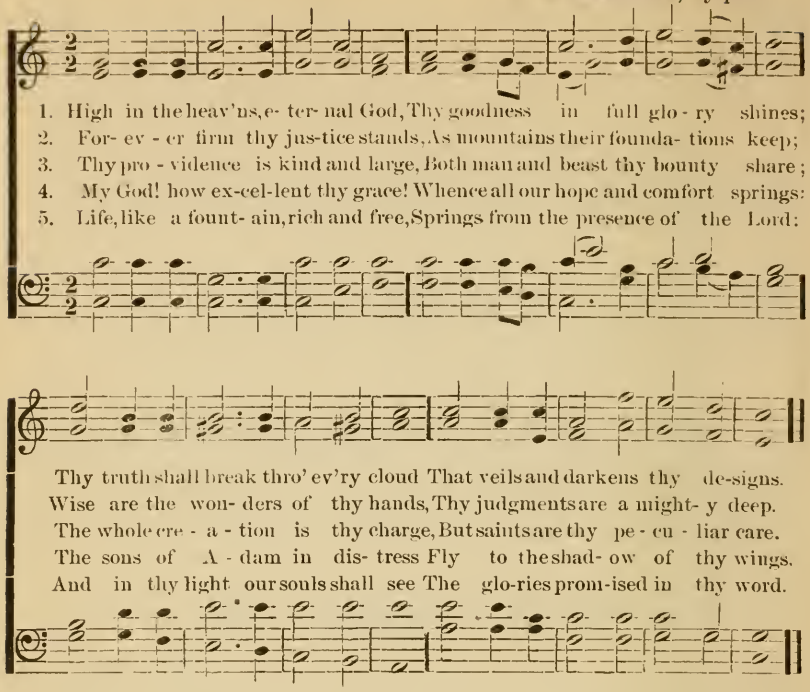
Dr. L. Mason.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days.
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I per-haps am near my home;
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep, Peace is the pil - low for my head;
4. Thus when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground.

And ev - 'ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.
But he for-gives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
And wait thy voice to end my tomb, With sweet sal-va - tion in the sound.

No. 163. SUMMERS. L. M.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.



No. 164. L. M.

1 Jehovah reigns; he dwells in light,
Arrayed with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
His throne eternal ages stood,
Himself the Ever-living God.

3 Forever shall his throne endure;
His promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of his grace.

No. 165. L. M.

1 King Jesus, reign forevermore,
Unrivaled in thy courts above,
While we, with all thy saints, adore
The wonders of redeeming love.

2 No other Lord but thee we'll know,
No other power but thine confess;
We'll spread thine honors while below,
And heaven shall hear us shout thy grace.

3 We'll sing along the heavenly road
That leads us to thy blest abode;
Till, with the vast, unnumbered throng;
We join in heaven's triumphant song:

4 Till, with pure hands and voices sweet,
We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet.
And sing of everlasting love,
In everlasting strains above.

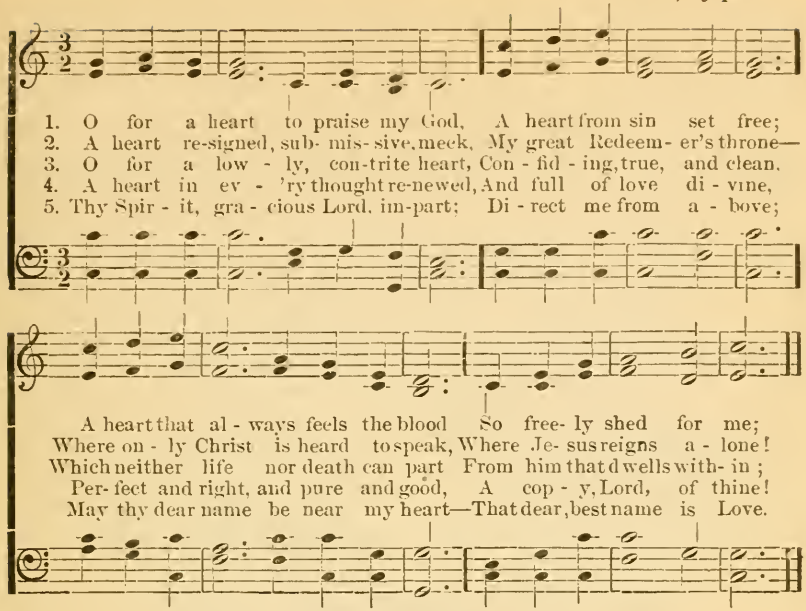
No. 166. L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

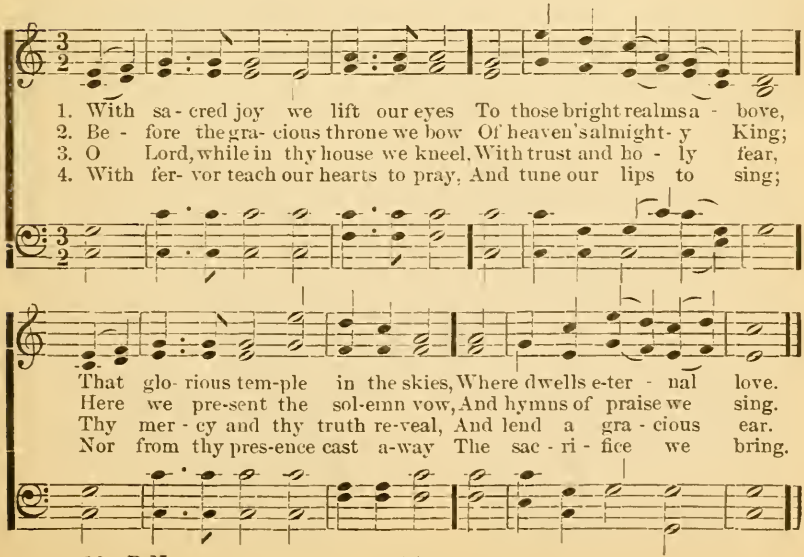
No. 167. SPRING. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.



No. 168. HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY



No. 169. DOGGETT. C. M.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1. Since I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the skies,

I bid fare- well to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I would smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heaveuly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

No. 170. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Dr. HASTINGS.

1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand tho'ts revolve; Come, with your

guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last resolve: And make this last resolve.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Has like a mountain rose;
His kingdom now I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Humbly I'll bow at his command,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll own I am a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Surely he will accept my plea,
For he has bid me come;
Forthwith I'll rise, and to him flee,
For yet, he says, there's room.

5 I can not perish if I go:
I am resolved to try:
For if I stay a way, I know
I must forever die.

No. 171. NAOMI. C. M.

H. G. NAGELI.

1. Fa- ther, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sov- ereign will de- nies,
Ac- cept- ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise.

No. 172. C. M.

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee;

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

1 In memory of the Saviour's love
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble, contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

2 Under his banner thus we sing
The wonders of his love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

No. 173. SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Think gent- ly of the er - ring one: O let us not for- get,
How - ev - er dark - ly stain'd by sin, He is our broth- er yet:

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Speak gently to the erring ones:
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

4 Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

No. 174. HARP. C. M.

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

1. A - maz-ing grace! (how sweet the sound!) That saved a wretch like me!

f. FINE.

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

Close with second strain D.S.

Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures:
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

No. 175. C. M.

1 What shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul, in anguish, made.

3 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

4 Now I am thine, forever thine;
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

5 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

No. 176. CHRISTMAS. C. M.

HANDEL.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ry nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heav'n-ly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im- mor - tal crown, And an im - mor- tal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize.
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

No. 177. C. M.

1 Rise, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient heroes trod;
Ambitious view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith and hope and mighty dèeds
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns and honor owe.

4 Lord, may we ever keep in view
The patterns thoû hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blesséd road
Which led them safe to heaven.

No. 178. C. M.

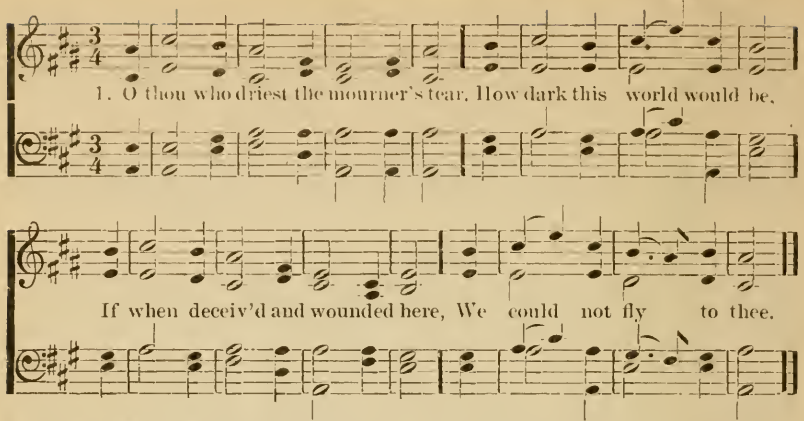
1 Come, let us join, with one accord,
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our risen Lord
Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest
The brightest of the seven,
Type of the everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten on that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

No. 179. BALERMA. C. M.

R. SIMPSON.



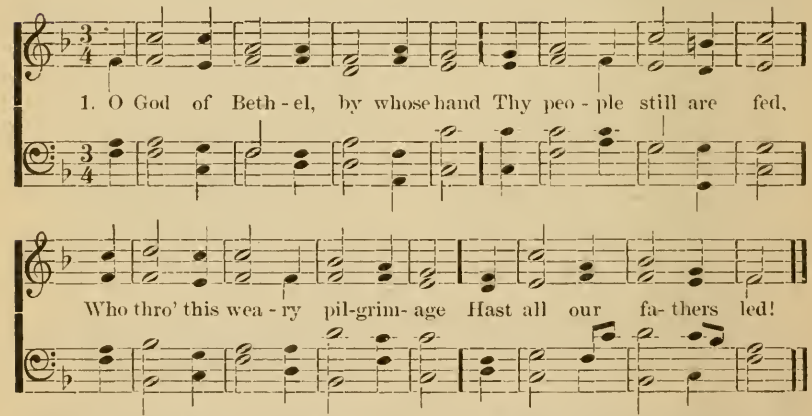
2 But thou wilt heal the broken heart
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

3 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too—

4 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
The darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

No. 180. MEAR. C. M.

AARON WILLIAMS.



2 Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

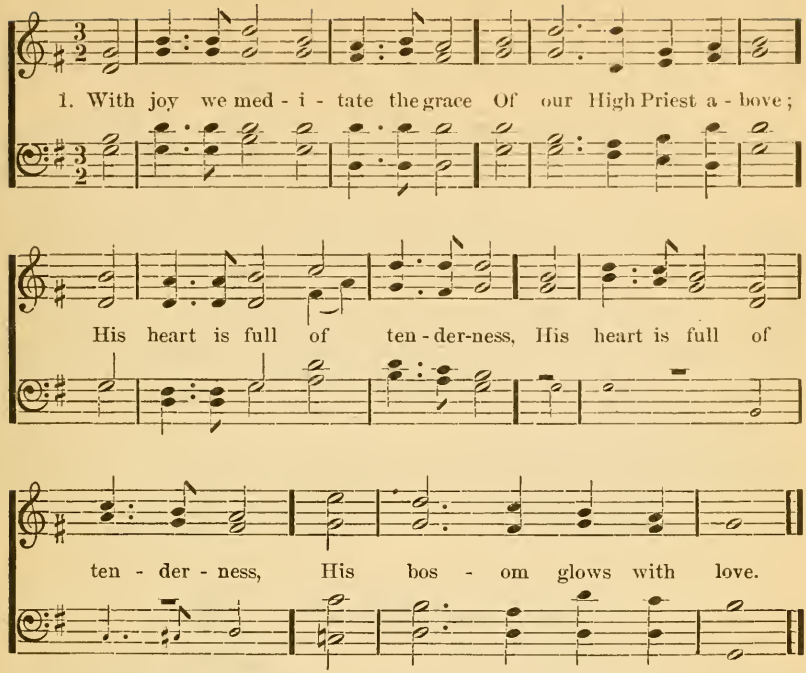
3 Through each succeeding path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around.
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
We all arrive in peace.

5 Such blessing from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

No. 181. WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. Gould.



2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

No. 182. C. M.

1 What glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun!
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes the world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

No. 183. C. M.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears:
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

No. 184. AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

1. Bur - ied be-neath the yielding wave, The great Re - deem - er lies;

Faith views him in the wa - t'ry grave, And thence be - holds him rise.

2 And thus do willing souls, to-day,
Their ardent zeal express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfill all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain;
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

4 Now we, blest Saviour, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall be thy praise.

No. 185. VAUGHAN. C. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

1. When languor and dis - ease in - vade This trembling house of clay,

'Tis sweet to look be - yond my pains, And long to fly a - way;

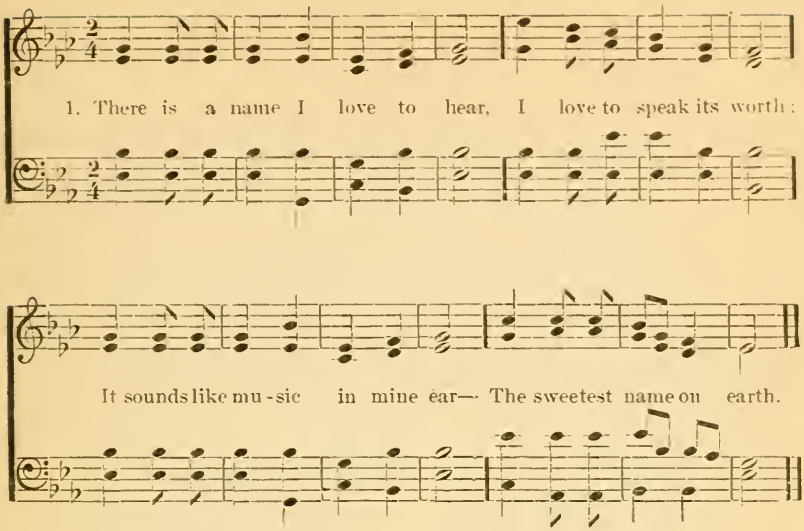
2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;

3 Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own;

4 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope
That when my chance shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

No. 186. SOLITUDE. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.



2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free:
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

4 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road:
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

No. 187. C. M.

1 Thou art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou, only, canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm:
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

No. 188. C. M.

1 Jesus, in thy transporting name,
What blissful glories rise—
Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme,
The wonder of the skies!

2 Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine:
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.

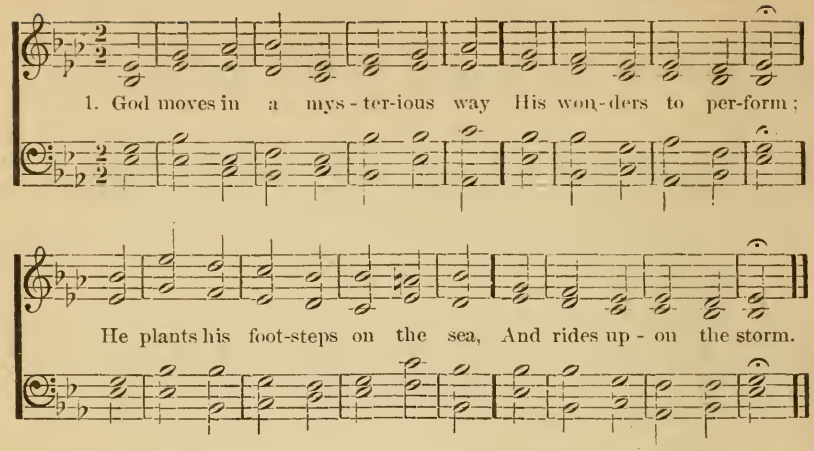
3 Jesus, and didst thou leave the sky
To bear our sins and woes?
And didst thou bleed and groan and die,
For vile, rebellious foes?

4 Victorious love! can language tell
The wonders of thy power,
Which conquered all the force of hell
In that tremendous hour!

5 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine?
O take this heart, this worthless heart,
And make it only thine!

No. 189. DUNDEE. C. M.

GUILLAUME FRANC.



2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill!
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his gracious will.

3 You fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

No. 190. C. M.

1 Thy kingdom, Lord, forever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining power.

3 Holy and just in all thy ways,
Thy providence divine;
In all thy works, immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.

4 The praise of God—delightful theme!—
Shall fill my heart and tongue;
Let all creation bless his name
In one eternal song.

No. 191. C. M.

1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm, alone.
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone.
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home!

No. 192. HERMON. C. M.

JOHN P. MCFERRIN, by per.

1. { Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes, The Sav-iour promised long;
Let ev - 'ry heart pre- pare a throne, And ev - 'ry voice a song.

D. C.—The gates of brass be - fore him burst, The i - ron fet - ters yield.

D. C.

He comes, the pri-soner to re-lease, In Sa- tan's bondage held;

2 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

No. 193. BROWN. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A - gain the Lord of light and life A-wakes the kind-ling ray,

Un- seals the eye- lids of the morn, And pours in- creas - ing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a Sun which rose this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand different lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

No. 194. CORONATION. C. M.

O. Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall:
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all:
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—
A remnant weak and small,—
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

No. 195. C. M.

1 Our souls are in the Saviour's hand,
And he will keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

2 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine;
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

3 O what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white array!
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns that ne'er decay.

4 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun!

No. 196. C. M.

1 O happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

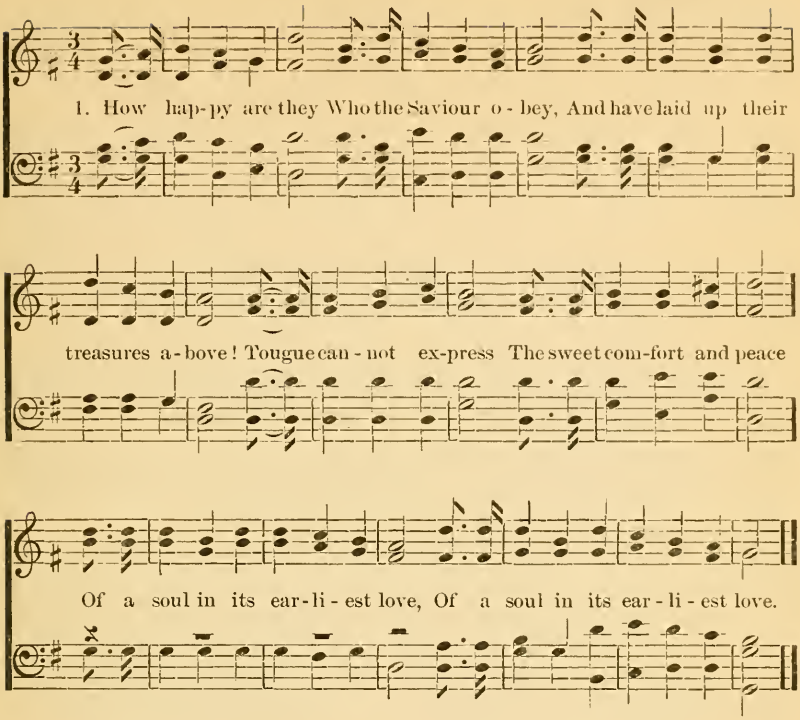
2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and power,
He stands engaged to hear.

3 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

4 May we enjoy and highly prize
These tokens of thy love,
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise
To worship thee above.

No. 197. ROWLEY. 5s, 6s & 9s.

LOWELL MASON.



2 This comfort is mine,
Since the favor divine
I have found in the blood of the Lamb.
Since the truth I believed,
What a joy I've received,
What a heavén in Jesus' blest name!

3 'Tis a heavén below
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Is my joy and my song:
O that all to this refuge may fly!
He has loved me, I cried;
He has suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as I!

5 On the wings of his love
I am carried above
All my sin and temptation and pain:
O why should I grieve,
While on him I believe?
O why should I sorrow again?

6 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I find in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I am perfectly blessed,
Being filled with the fullness of God!

7 Now my remnant of days
Will I spend to his praise,
Who has died, me from sin to redeem;
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due—
They shall all be devoted to him.

8 What a mercy is this!
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gathered into the fold,
With believers enrolled—
With believers to live and to die!

No. 198. LUCAS. 10, 5s & 11s.

JAMES LUCAS.

1. Come, let us a-new Our jour-ney pur-sue— Roll
2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides
3. O that each, in the day Of his com-ing, may say, "I have

round with the year, And nev-er stand still till the Mas-ter ap-pear;
swift-ly a-way, And the fu-gi-tive mo-ment re-fus-es to stay;
fought my way thro'; I have fin-ished the work thou didst give me to do!"

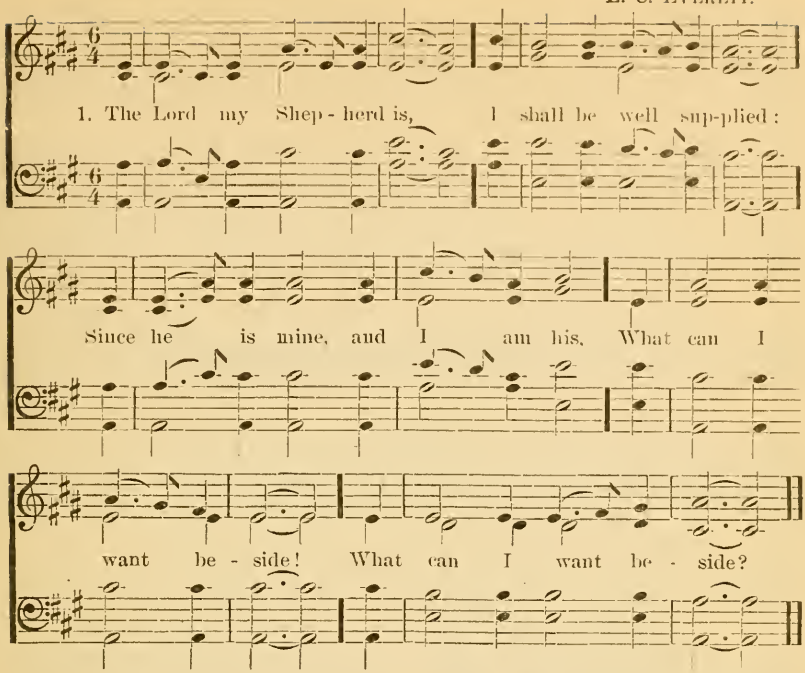
His a-dor-a-ble will Let us glad-ly ful-fill, And our
The ar-row is flown, The mo-ment is gone, The mil-
O that each from his Lord May re-ceive the glad word, "Well and

tal-ents im-prove By the patience of hope, and the la-bor of love.
len-ni-al year Rushes on to our view, and e-ter-ni-ty's near,
faith-ful-ly done: En-ter in-to my joy and sit down on my throne!"

By the pa-tience of hope, and the la-bor of love.
Rush-es on to our view, and e-ter-ni-ty's near.
En-ter in-to my joy and sit down on my throne!"

No. 199. SCHUMANN. S. M.

L. C. Everett.



2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where loving waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear; [shade,
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there.

No. 200. S. M.

1 O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

2 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

4 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O bless the Lord, my soul!

No. 201. S. M.

1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unvails the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

No. 202. BEALOTH. S. M. D.

Anon.

1. I love thy king-dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode,
The Church our blest Re-deem - er saved With his own pre - cious blood;
I love thy church, O God, Her walls be - fore thee stand,
Dear as the ap- ple of thine eye, And grav- en on thy hand.

2 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heaveuly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

3 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 203. L. M.

1 Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come:
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that honse his home.

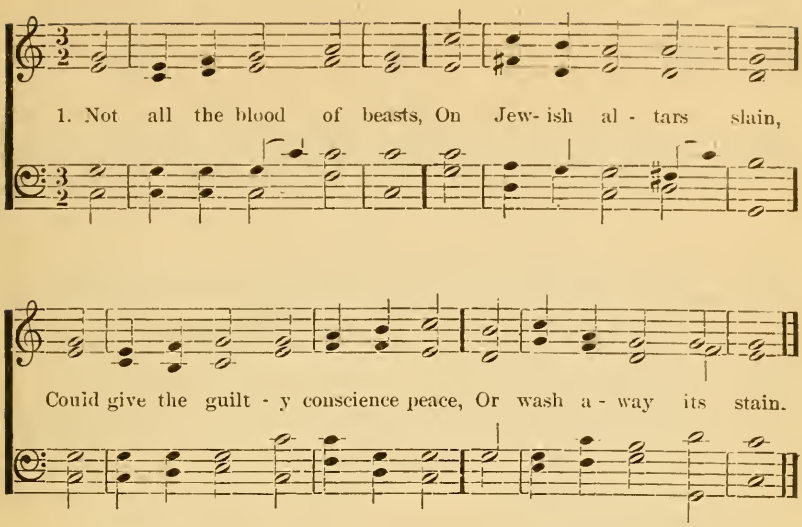
2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all—
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call—

4 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

No. 204. BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Bears all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his dying love.

No. 205. S. M.

1 Hungry, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we would starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give;
O hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live!

No. 206. S. M.

1 Jesus invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

3 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise;
Let holy love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

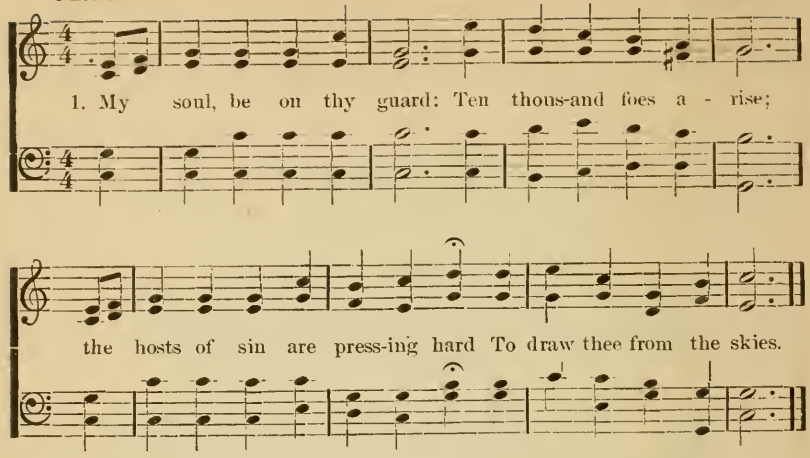
No. 207. S. M.

1 Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time.
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

No. 208. LABAN. S. M.



2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

No. 209. S. M.

1 The Lord Jehovah reigns:
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns;
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants wait,
Swift to fulfill his word.

3 In Zion stands his throne;
His honors are divine;
His Church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How fearful is his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all the works of grace.

No. 210. S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear:
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

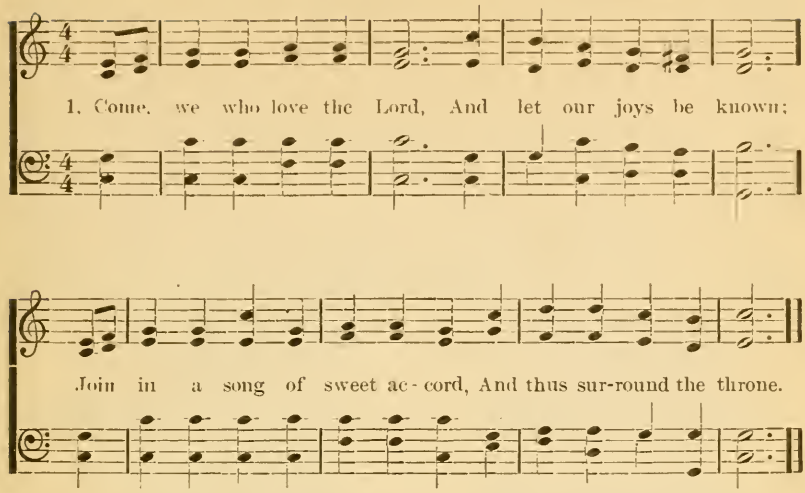
4 Here we must often part,
In sorrow and in pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

No. 211. MOULTON. S. M.

L. C. CHISHOLM, by per.



2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

No. 212. S. M.

1 How honored is the place
Where we adoring stand—
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulkwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell;
While walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up th' eternal gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations, that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

No. 213. S. M.

1 Once more, before we part,
O bless the Saviour's name!
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

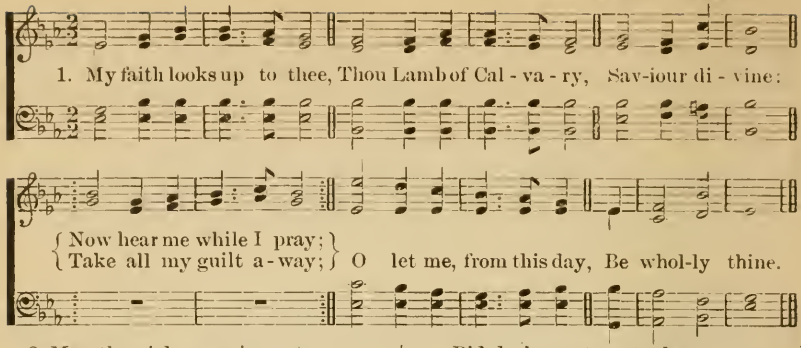
2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
Help us to feed, and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

No. 214. OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.



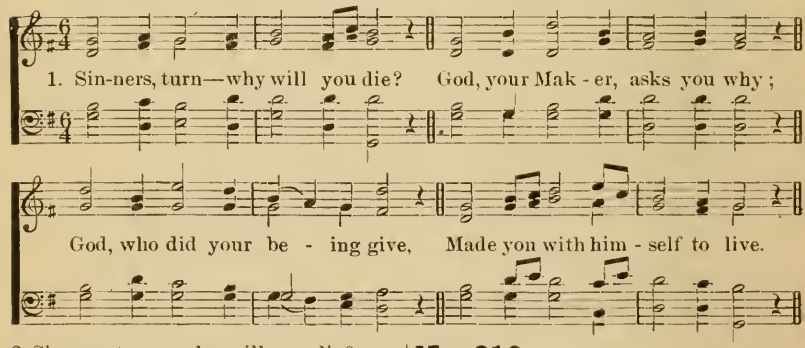
2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

No. 215. COOKHAM. 7s.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



2 Sinners, turn—why will you die?
Christ, your Saviour, asks you why—
He who did your souls retrieve,
He who died that you might live.

3 Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, you ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight his grace and die?

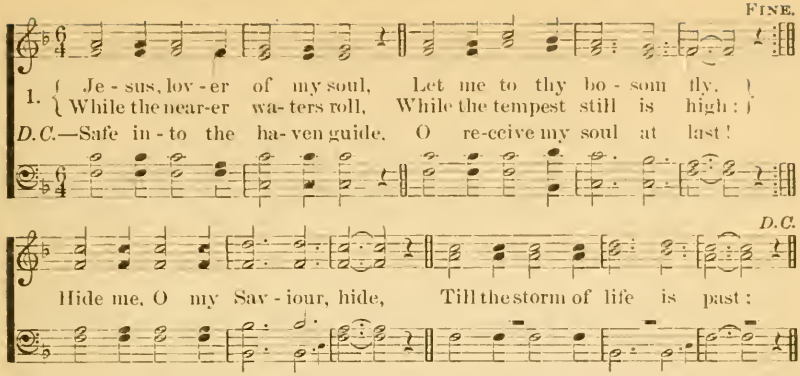
4 Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
O you dying sinners, why—
Why will you forever die?

No. 216. 7s.

1 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

No. 217. MARTYN. 7s. Double.



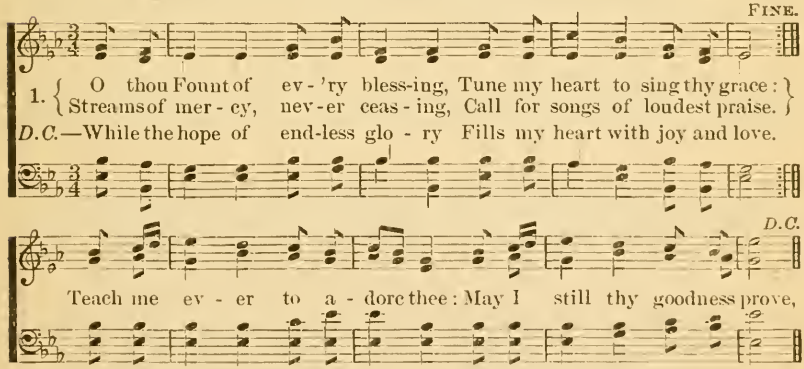
2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name;
Prince of peace and righteousness:
Most unworthy, Lord, I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

No. 218. NETTLETON. 8s & 7s.

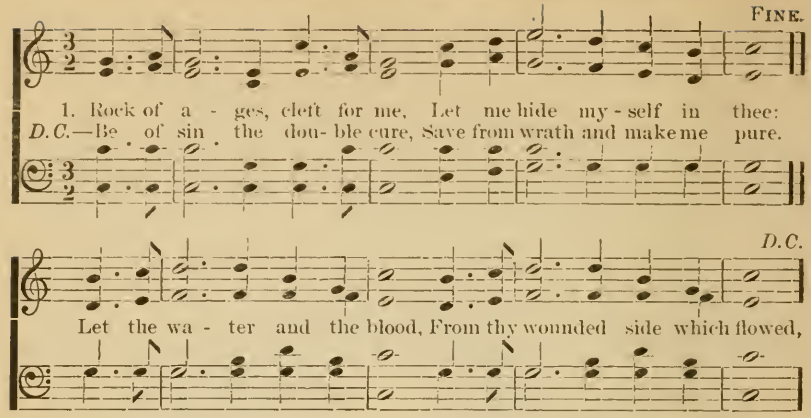
R. ROBINSON. Anon.



2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer:
Hither by thy help I've come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from thy fold, O God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee.
Never let me wander from thee,
Never leave thee, whom I love;
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above.

No. 219. ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

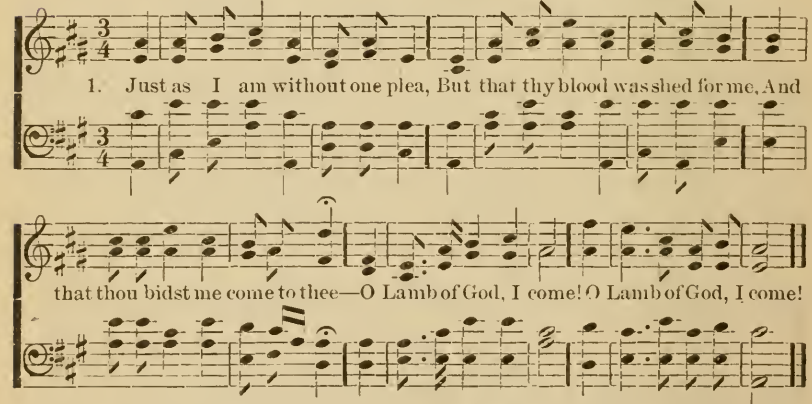


2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 220. FARMVILLE.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. R. M. McINTOSH, by per.



2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot;
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
||: O Lamb of God, I come! :||

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and wars without—
||: O Lamb of God, I come! :||

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind:
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
||: O Lamb of God, I come! :||

5 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
||: O Lamb of God, I come! :||

No. 221. SABBATH. 7s. Double.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Safe - ly through an - o - ther week, God has brought us on our way;

Let us now a bless- ing seek; Wait- ing in his courts to - day.

Day of all the week the best, Em- blem of e - ter - nal rest;

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

No. 222. OH! THE GOOD WE ALL MAY DO.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Oh! the good we all may do As life's jour - ney we pur-sue,
2. Oh! the good we all may do If to Je - sus we are true!
3. Oh! the good we all may do, And we pledge to God a- new,

Bring - ing com - fort to the sad, Mak - ing song - less spir - its glad,
As he min - is-tered to men, We may min - is - ter a- gain;
That we may more faith- ful prove In de - vo - tion and in love,

Fill - ing hearts with joy and cheer That have known but sor - row here!
As to serve mankind he came, We may serve in his dear name.
Do - ing some-thing ev - ery day, That will bright - en some ones way.

CHORUS.

Oh! the good . . . . we all may do
Oh! the good, we all may do

As the earth . . . . . we're pass- ing through! If to
As the earth we're pass- ing through!

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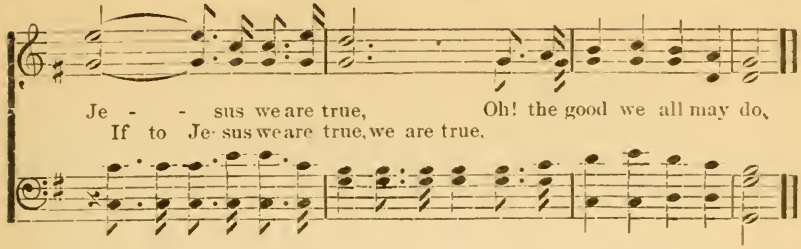
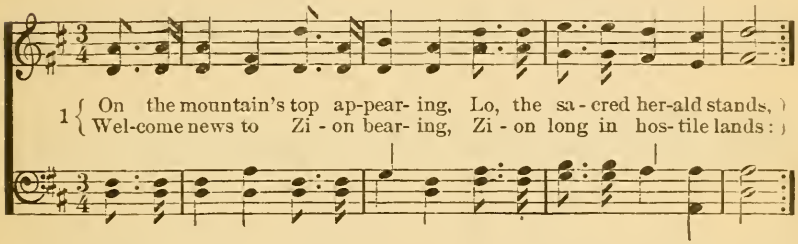
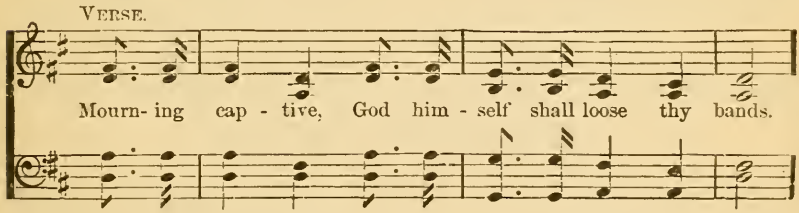
OH! THE GOOD WE ALL MAY DO. Concluded.

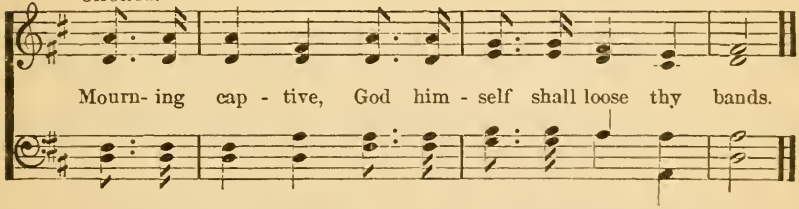


No. 223. ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Dr. Thos. Hastings.







2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee!
He himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance,
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

No. 224. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

KATE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonder-ful it seems Than all the

and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the
gold - en fan-cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the

sto - ry Because I know 'tis true: It sat - is - fies my longings As
sto - ry It did so much for me! And that is just the rea-son I

CHORUS.

nothing else can do.
tell it now to thee. } I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill be my theme in

glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be—the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

No. 225. GREENVILLE. 8. 7. Double.

FINE.

1 { Sav-iour, breathe an evening bless-ing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal: }
{ Sin and want we come con - fessing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal. }

D.C.—An - gel guards from thee surround us; We are safe, if thou art nigh.

D.C.

Though de - struction walk a - round us Though the ar - row near us fly,

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light, and deathless bloom.

No. 226. C. M.

1 Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Cleanse all our sins in Jesus' blood.
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace,

No. 227. PRAISE GOD.

Praise God, from whom all blessing flow; Praise him, all creatures here below;

Praise him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 228. DEAL GENTLY, O FATHER.

R. M. McIntosh.

mp rather slow.

Deal gent - ly, O Fa- ther, in thy good pleasure, In thy good

pleas- ure deal gent-ly to Zi - on, Fa- ther, deal gent- ly, in thy good

pleas- ure, In thy good pleas-ure deal gent - ly, Build thou now the

f

walls, the walls of Je - ru - sa-lem, Build thou now the walls, the

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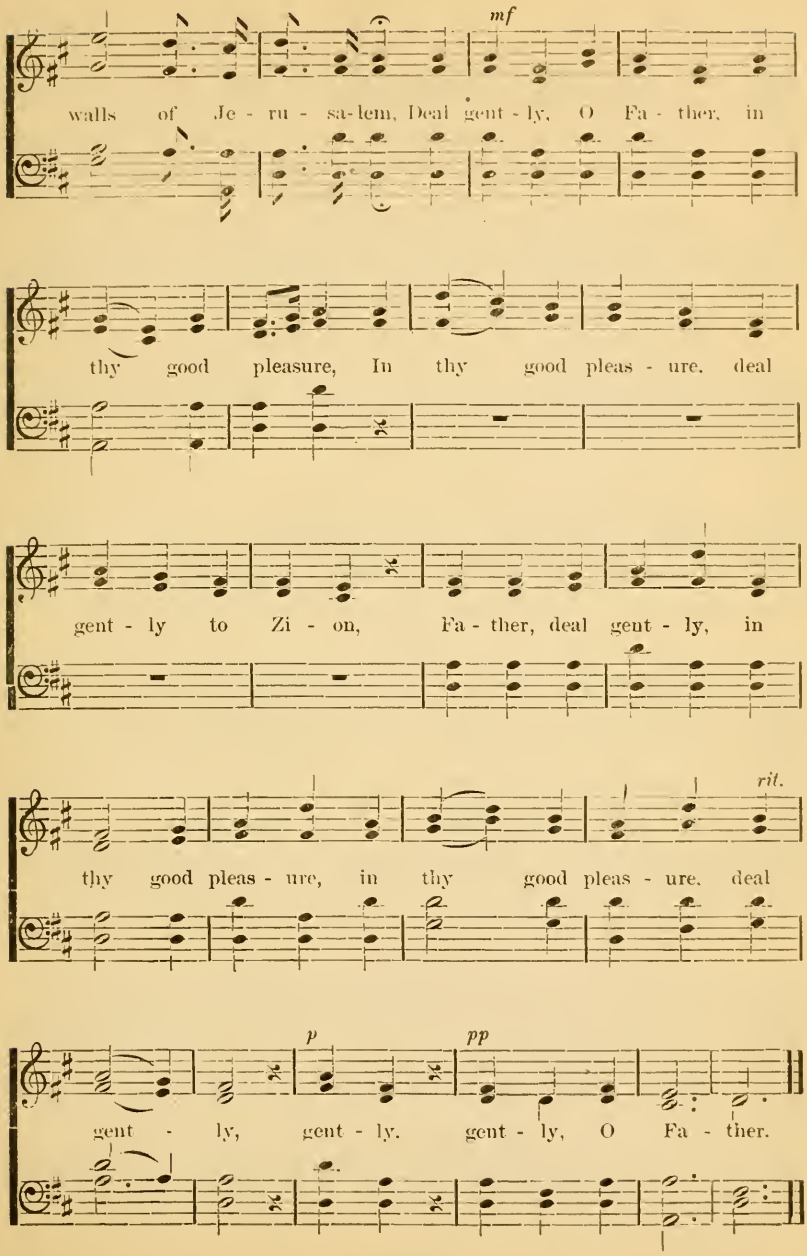
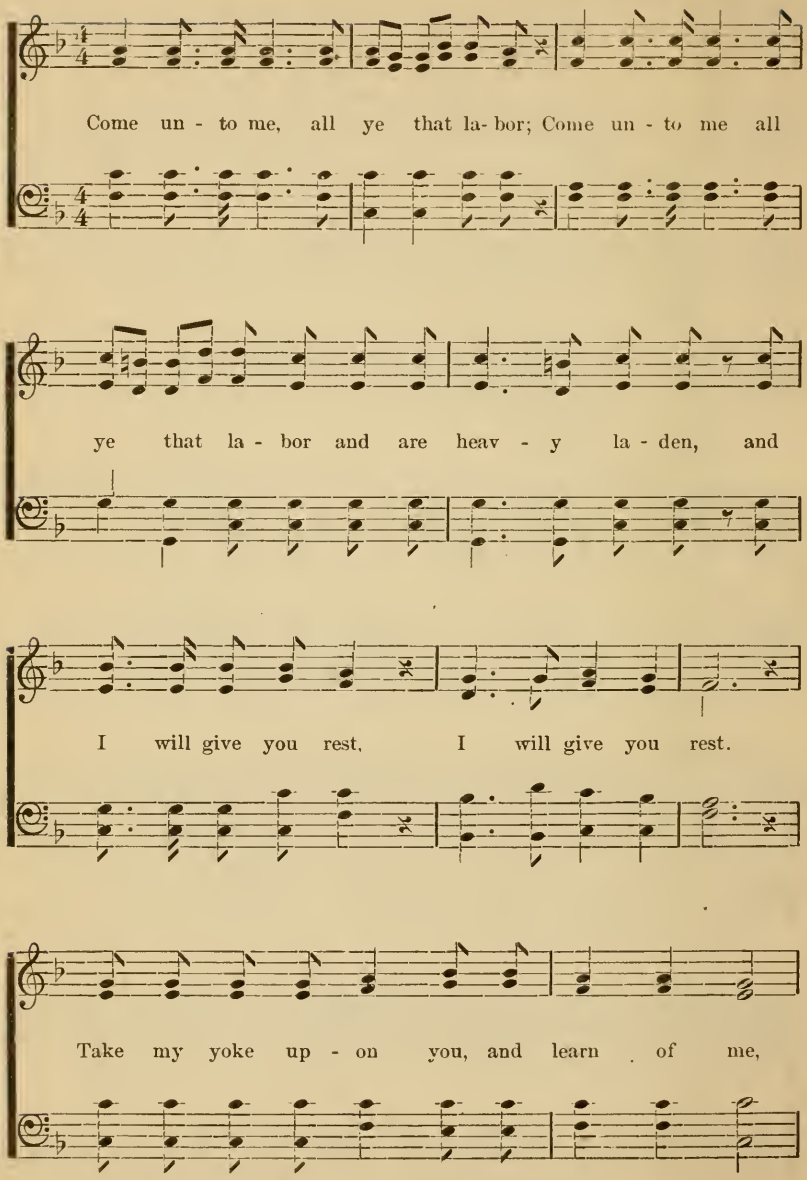
DEAL GENTLY, O FATHER. Concluded.



No. 229. COME UNTO ME.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.



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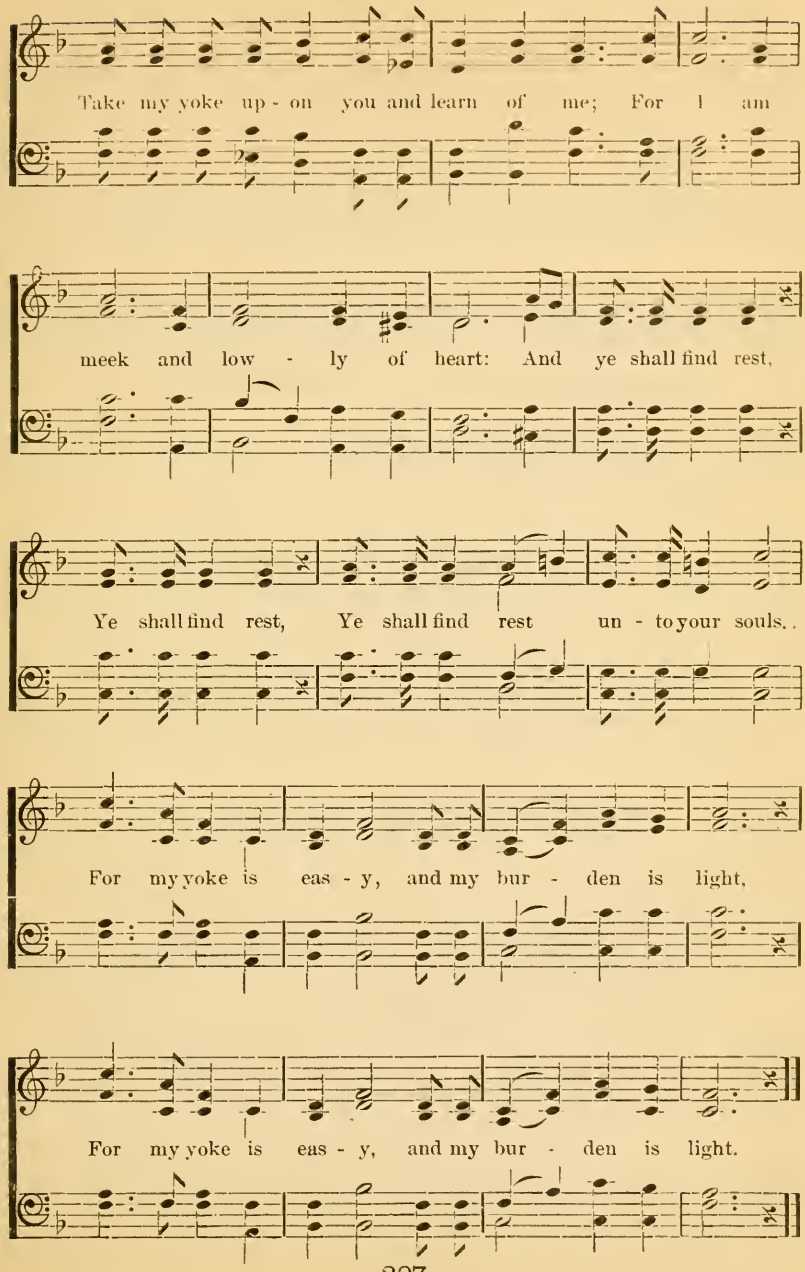
COME UNTO ME. Concluded.



No. 230. How Lovely are Thy Dwellings.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

DUET. *Rather slow.*

How love - ly are thy dwell-ings, How love - ly are thy

dwell -ings, How love- ly are thy dwell-ings, O Lord of hosts.

CHORUS.

How love - ly are thy dwellings, How love- ly are thy dwellings, How

love - ly are thy dwell - ings, O Lord of hosts.

QUARTET.

My soul doth long, ... doth long, ...

My soul doth long, my soul doth

How Lovely are Thy Dwellings. Concluded.

. . . . . to en- ter thy courts, ... doth long . . . . . .
long to en-ter thy courts. My soul doth

. . . to en- ter thy courts, ... to en-ter thy courts.
long to en-ter thy courts, to en-ter thy courts.

CHORUS.

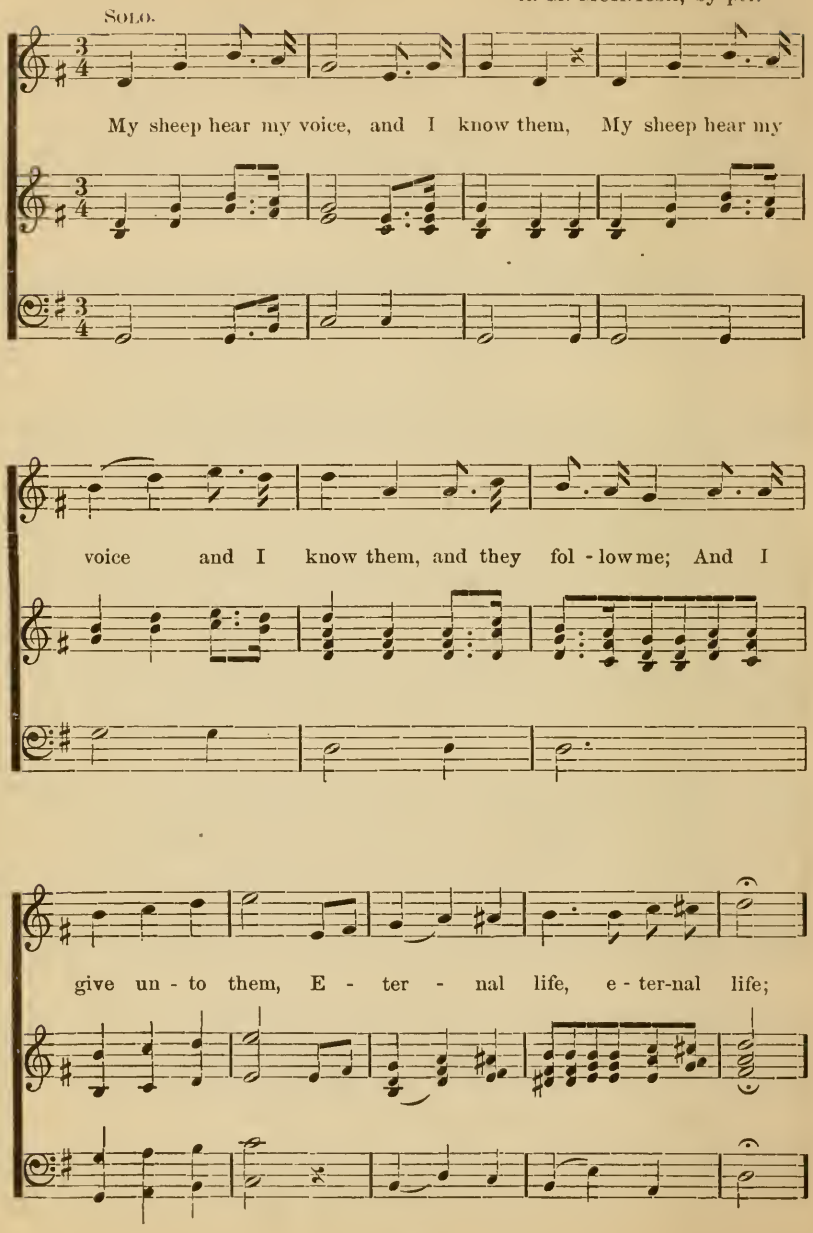
Bless - ed are they who dwell in thy house; For
Bless-ed are they who dwell in thy house;

they shall al - ways praise thee, they shall al - ways praise thee,

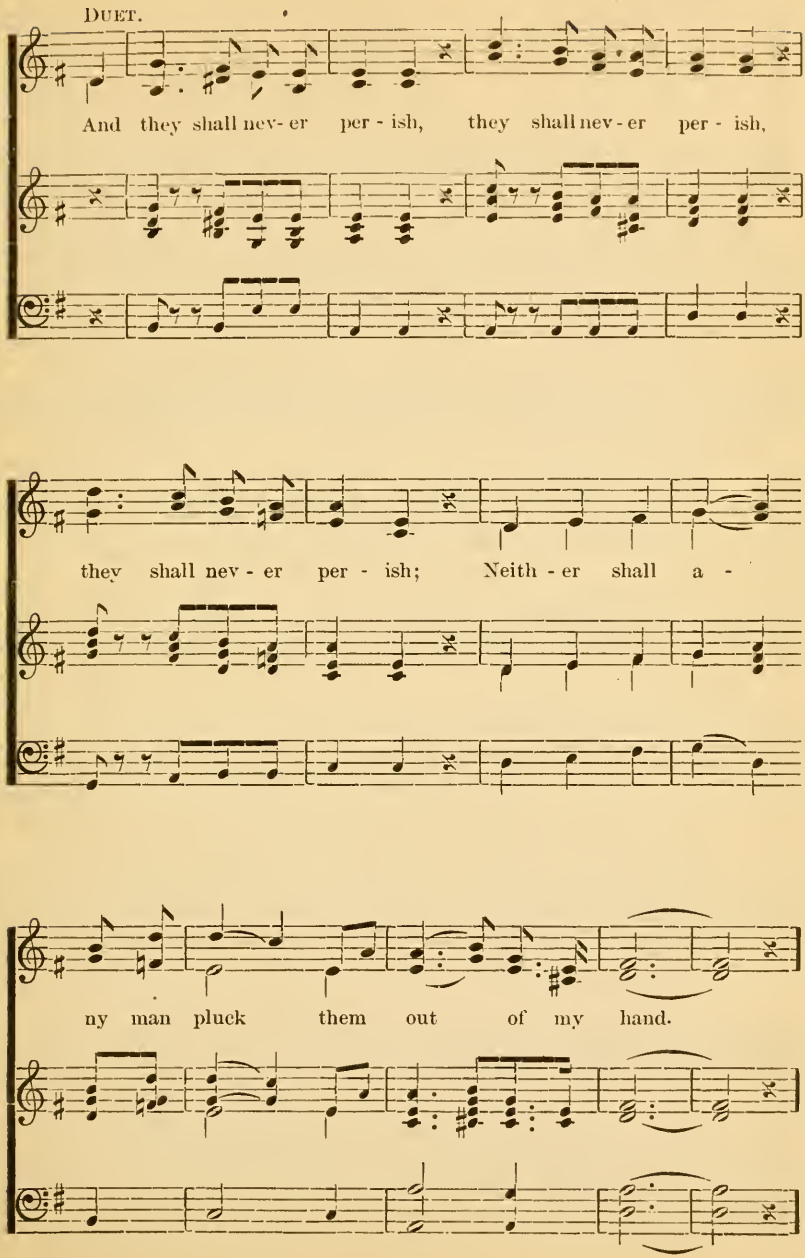
They shall al - ways praise thee, O Lord of hosts.

No. 231. MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.



MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE. Continued.



MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE. Concluded.

CHOIR.

My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, My sheep hear my

voice, and I know them, and they fol-low me; And I give un - to

them e - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal life. . . . .

Choir and Congregation.

1. To thy past- ures fair and large, Heav'nly Shep-herd lead thy charge;
2. When I faint with summer's heat, Thou shalt guide my wea - ry feet,
3. Safe the drea - ry vale I tread, By the shades of death o'er-spread,

And my couch with tend'-rest care, 'Mid the spring-ing grass pre- pare.
To the streams that still and slow, Through the ver-dant mead-ows flow.
With thy rod and staff sup-plied, This my guard, and that my guide.

No. 232. IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

SOLO. Baritone, or Mezzo-Soprano.

In my Father's house are many man-sions: If it were

DUET. Tenor and Alto.

not so I would have told you. I go to pre- pare a

place for you. And if I go and pre-pare a place for you,

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IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE. Continued.

CHOIR.

I will come a- gain, I will come a- gain, I will come a - gain and re-

ceive you un - to my - self, un - to my - self; that

where I am, that where I am, there ye may be, there ye may

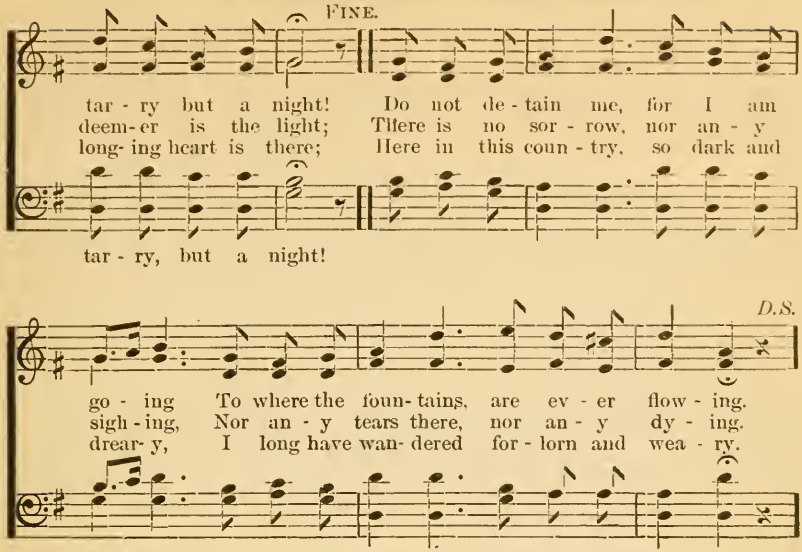
be; there ye may be al - so, al - so.

f Choir and Congregation.

1. I'm a pil- grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar- ry, I can
2. Of that cit - y, to which I jour- ney; My Re-deem-er, my Re-
3. There the sun-beams are ev - er shin- ing, O, my long-ing heart, my

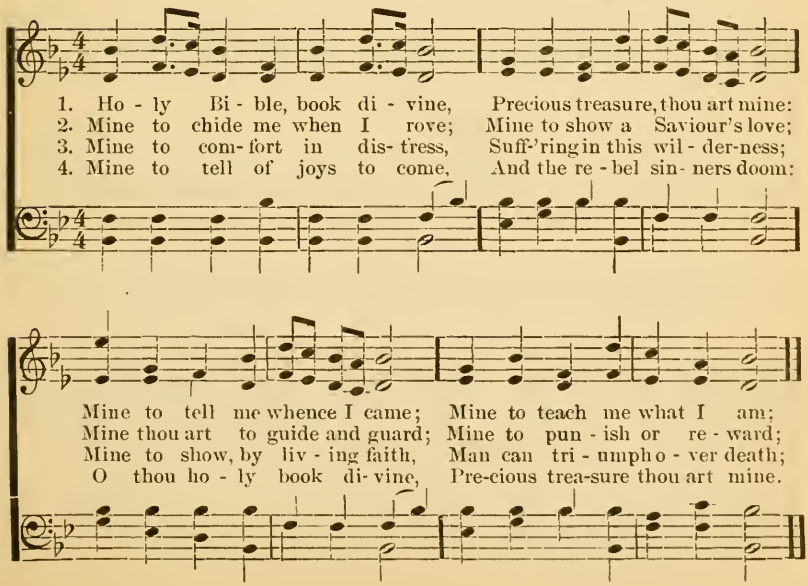
I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar- ry, I can

IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE. Concluded.



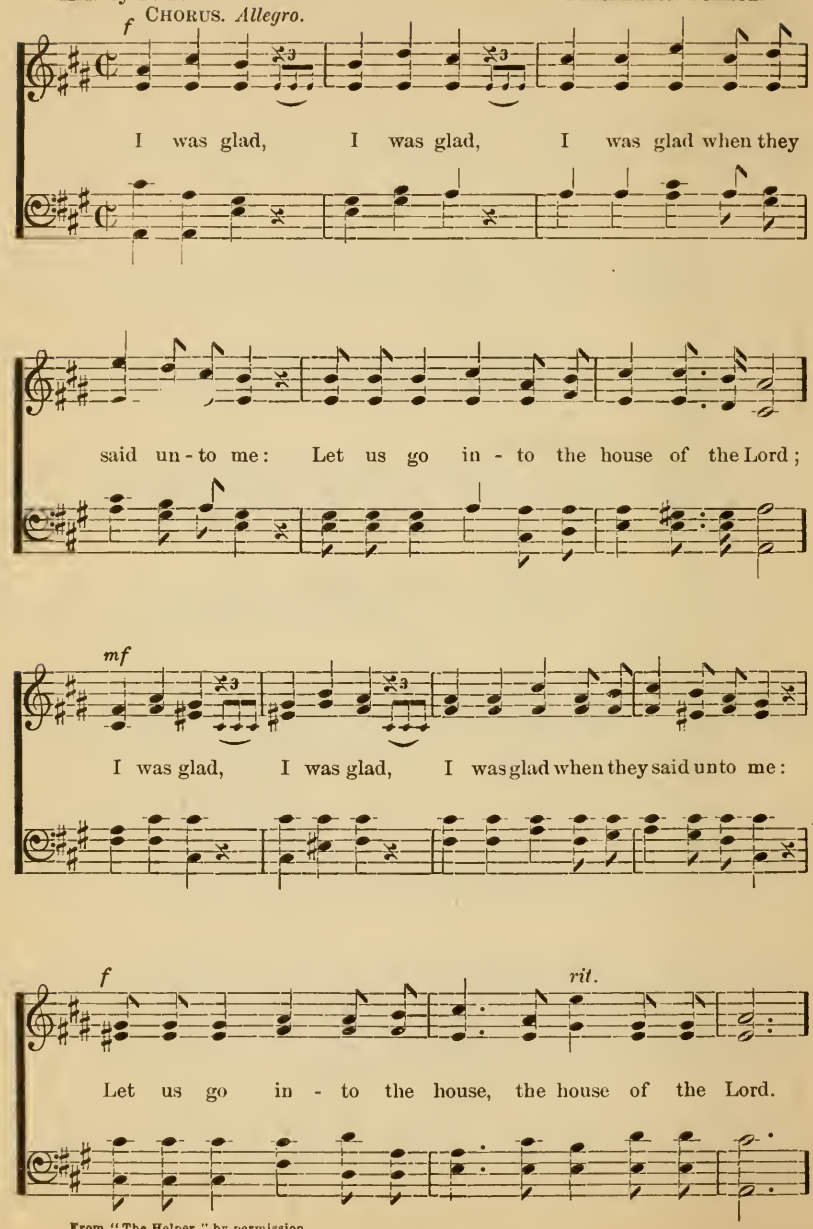
No. 233. WILMOT. 7s.

C. M. von WEBER.



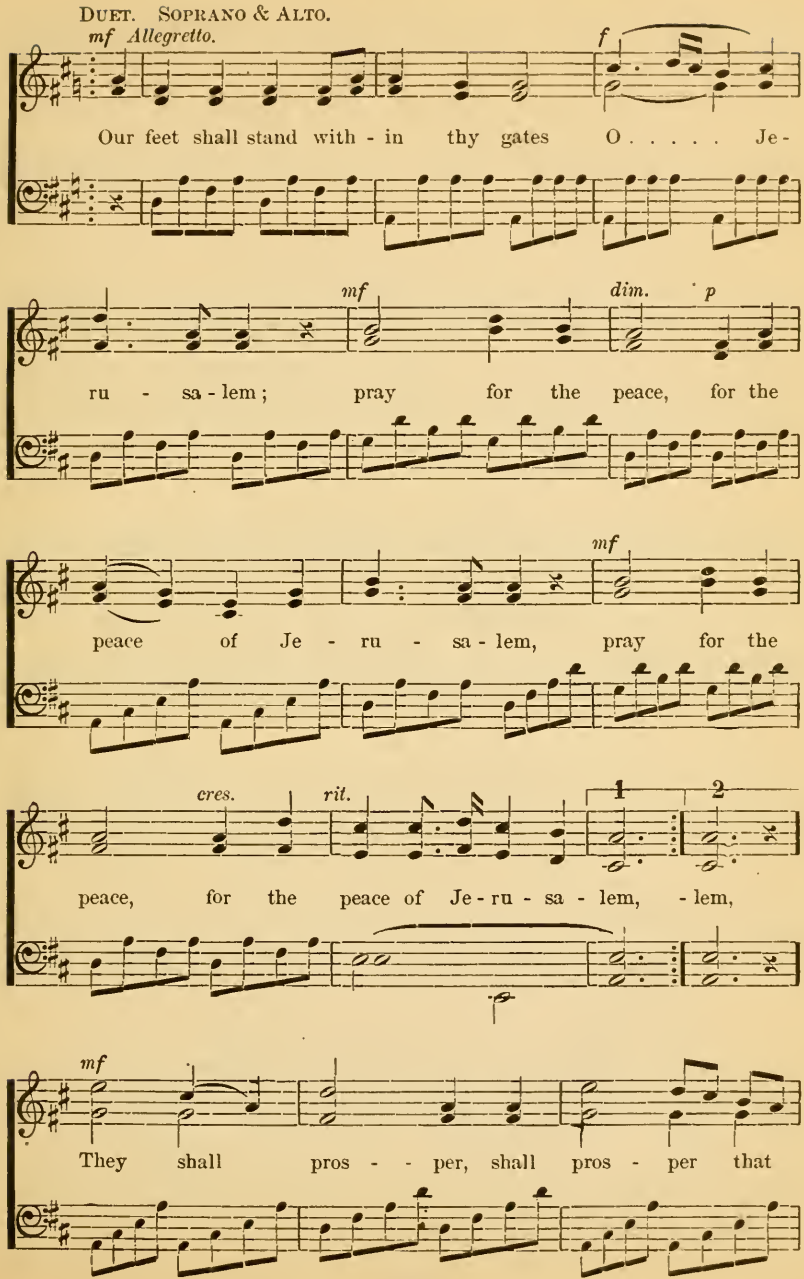
No. 234. "I WAS GLAD."

Arr. by P. P. PEMBERTON PIERCE.



From "The Helper," by permission.

"I WAS GLAD." Continued.



rit.

love thee, they shall pros - per that love thee.

QUARTETTE OR SEMI-CHORUS.

Moderato.

p *f*

Peace, peace. peace be with-in thy walls, and pros-

dim. *p*

per - i - ty, pros-per - i - ty with - in thy pal - a - ces, pros-

p *rit.* *ff org.*

per - i - ty with - in thy pal - a - ces.

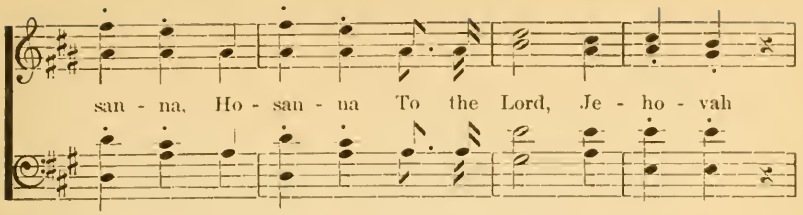
FULL CHORUS.

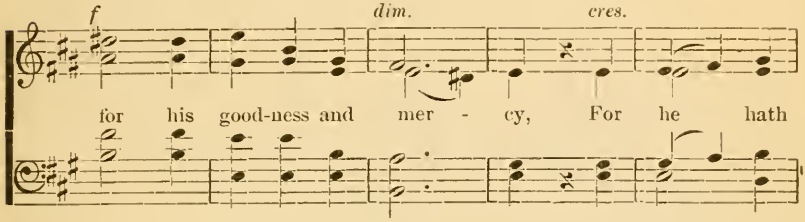
Allegro.

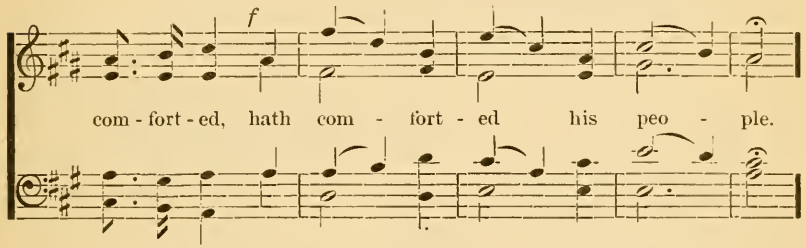
f

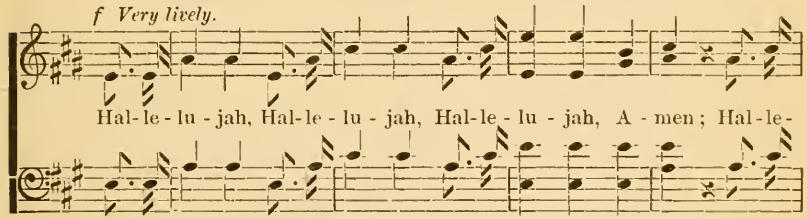
Sing . . . . prais - es, sing . . . . prais - es Ho -

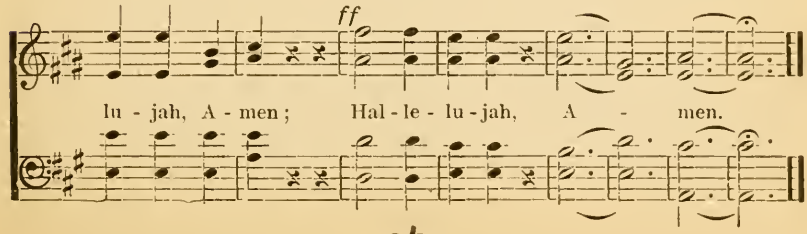
"I WAS GLAD." Concluded.











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